

THE
ILIADE
OF
HOMER.

Translated by Mr. P O P E.

VOL. III.

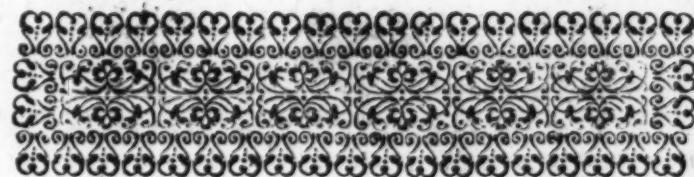
— *det primos versibus annos,*
Mœoniumque bibat felici pectore fontem. PETRON.



LONDON.
Printed by T. J. for B. L. & other Booksellers.

M. DCC. XVIII.





THE
NINTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIA D.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embassy to *Achilles*.

Agamemnon after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the Siege, and return to their Country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the Guard to be strengthen'd, and a Council summon'd to deliberate what measures were to be follow'd in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send Ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing Speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding

VOL. III.

A

ding

ding retains Phœnix in his tent. The Ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the Camp, and the Troops betake themselves to sleep.

This Book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty seventh from the beginning of the Poem. The Scene lies on the Sea-shore, the station of the Grecian Ships.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night; While Fear, pale comrade of inglorious Flight, And heav'n-bred Horror, on the Grecian part, Sate on each face, and sadden'd ev'ry heart. As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth, 5 A double tempest of the west and north Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore, Heaps waves on waves, & bids th' Ægean roar; This way and that the boiling deeps are tost; Such various passions urg'd the troubled Host. 10 Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest; Superior sorrows swell'd his Royal breast; Himself his orders to the Heralds bears, To bid to Council all the Grecian Peers, But bid in whispers: These surround their Chief, In solemn sadness, and majestic grief. 16 The King amidst the mournful circle rose; Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows; So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head, In fable streams soft-trickling waters shed. 20 With more than vulgar grief he stood opprest; Words mixt with sighs thus bursting from his breast. Ye Sons of Greece! partake your Leader's care, Fellows in Arms, and Princes of the War!

Of

BOOK IX.

3

Of partial *Jove* too justly we complain ; 25
And heav'ly Oracles believ'd in vain.

A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conquest honour'd , & enrich'd with spoils :
Now shameful flight alone can save the Host ;
Our wealth , our People , and our glory lost. 30
So *Jove* decrees , Almighty Lord of all !

Jove , at whose Nod whole Empires rise or fall ,
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust ,
And Tow'rs and Armies humbles to the dust .

Haste then , for ever quit these fatal fields ; 35
Haste to the joys our native country yields ;
Spread all your canvas , all your oars employ ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.

He said ; deep silence held the *Grecian* Band ,
Silent , unmov'd , in dire dismay they stand , 40
A pensive scene ! 'till *Tydeus'* warlike Son
Roll'd on the King his eyes , and thus begun .

When Kings advise us to renounce our fame ,
First let him speak , who first has suffer'd shame .
If I oppose thee , Prince ! thy wrath with-hold , 45
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold .
Thou first , and thou alone , in fields of fight ,
Durst brand my courage , & defame my might ;
Nor from a Friend th'unkind reproach appear'd ;
The Greeks stood witness , all our Army heard . 50
The Gods , o Chief ! from whom our honours spring ,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a King ;
They gave thee Scepters , and a wide command ;
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land ; 55
The noblest pow'r that might the world controul
They gave thee not — a brave and virtuous soul .

HOMER's ILIAD.

Is this a Gen'ral's voice , that would suggest
Fears like his own to ev'ry Grecian breast ?
Confiding in our want of worth , he stands ,
And if we fly , 'tis what our King commands. 60
Go thou inglorious ! from th' embattel'd plain ;
Ships thou hast stow , and nearest to the main ;
A nobler care the Grecians shall employ ,
To combate , conquer , and extirpate Troy .
Here Greece shall stay ; or if all Greece retire , 65
My self will stay , till Troy or I expire ;
My self , and Sthenelus , will fight for Fame ;
God bade us fight , and 'twas with God we came .
He ceas'd ; the Greeks loud acclamations rause ,
And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise . 70
Wise Nestor then his rev'rend figure rear'd ;
He spoke ; the Host in still attention heard .

O truly great in whom the Gods have join'd
Such strength of body , with such force of mind ;
In conduct , as in courage , you excell , 75
Still first to act what you advise so well .
Those wholsom counsels which thy wisdom moves ,
Applauding Greece with common voice approves .
Kings thou canst blame ; a bold but prudent Youth ;
And blame ev'n Kings with praise , because with truth .
And yet those years that since thy birth have run , 81
Would hardly stile thee Nestor's youngest Son .
Then let me add what yet remains behind ,
A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind ;
Age bids me speak ; nor shall th' advice I bring 85
Distaste the People , or offend the King .

Curs'd is the man , and void of law and right ,
Unworthy property , unworthy light ,

Un-

BOOK IX.

5

Unfit for publick rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monster, who delights in War; 90
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
To tear his Country, and his kind destroy!
This night, refresh and fortify thy train;
Between the Trench and Wall let Guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold; 95
But thou, O King, to Council call the old:
Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
With *Thracian* wines recruit thy honour'd Guests;
For happy counsels flow from sober feasts. 100
Wise, weighty counsels aid a State distrest,
And such a Monarch as can chuse the best.
See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
How near our Fleet approach the *Trojan* fires?
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light, 105
What eye beholds 'em, and can close to night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To morrow, *Troy* must flame, or *Greece* must fall.

Thus spoke the hoary Sage: the rest obey;
Swift thro the gates the Guards direct their way. 110
His Son was first to pass the lofty mound,
The gen'rous *Thrasymed*, in Arms renown'd:
Next him *Ascalaphus*, *Kilmen*, stood,
The double offspring of the Warrior-God.
Deipyrus, *Aphareus*, *Merion* join, 115
And *Lycomed*, of *Creon's* noble line.
Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly Bands,
And each bold Chief a hundred spears commands.
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,
Some line the Trench, and others man the Wall. 120

6 HOMER's ILIAD.

The King of men, on publick counsels bent,
 Conven'd the Princes in his ample Tent;
 Each seiz'd a portion of the Kingly feast,
 But stay'd his hand when thirst and hunger ceas't.
 Then *Nestor* spoke, for wisdom long approv'd , 125
 And slowly rising, thus the Council mov'd.

Monarch of Nations! whose superior sway
 Assembled States, and Lords of Earth obey ,
 The Laws and Scepters to thy hand are giv'n ,
 And millions own the care of thee and Heav'n. 130
 O King ! the counsels of my age attend ;
 With thee my cares begin , in thee must end ;
 Thee , Prince ! it fits alike to speak and hear ,
 Pronounce with judgment , with regard give ear ,
 To see no wholsom motion be withstood , 135
 And ratify the best , for publick good .
 Nor, tho' a meaner give advice , repine ,
 But follow it , and make the wisdom thine .
 Hear then a thought , not now conceiv'd in haft ,
 At once my present judgment and my past. 140
 When from *Pelides'* tent you forc'd the Maid ,
 I first oppos'd , and faithful , durst dissuade ;
 But bold of soul , when headlong fury fir'd ,
 You wrong'd the Man , by Men and Gods admir'd :
 Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end , 145
 With pray'rs to move him , or with gifts to bend .
 To whom the King . With justice haft thou shown
 A Prince's faults , and I with reason own .
 That happy Man whom *Jove* still honours most ,
 Is more than Armies , and himself an Host. 150
 Blest in his love , this wond'rous Hero stands ;
 Heav'n fights his war , and humbles all our bands .
 Fain

BOOK IX.

7

Fain wou'd my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
The wrathful Chief and angry Gods asswage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow, 155
Hear all ye Greeks, and witnes what I vow.
Ten weighty Talents of the purest Gold,
And twice ten Vases of refulgent mold;
Sev'n sacred Tripods, whose unfully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame: 160
Twelve Steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty Course:
(Rich were the Man, whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed)
Sev'n lovely Captives of the *Lesbian* line, 165
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
When *Lesbos* funk beneath the Hero's Arms.
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these, the long contested Maid; 170
With all her charms, *Briseis* I resign,
And solemn fwear those charms were never mine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
These instant shall be his; and if the Pow'r's 175
Give to our Arms proud *Hion*'s hostile Tow'r's,
Then shall he store (when *Greece* the spoil divides)
With Gold and Brass his loaded Navy's sides.
Besides full twenty Nymphs of *Trojan* race, 179
With copious love shall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himself will chuse; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen*'s heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: When our Wars are o'er,
If safe we land on *Argos'* fruitful shore,

A 4

There

8 HOMER's ILIAD.

There shall he live my Son, our honours share,
And with *Orestes*' self divide my care. 186
Yet more — three Daughters in my Court are bred,
And each well worthy of a Royal bed;
Laodicé and *Iphigenia* fair,
And bright *Chrysothemis* with golden hair; 190
Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve,
I ask no presents, no reward for love.
My self will give the Dow'r; so vast a store,
As never Father gave a Child before.
Sev'n ample Cities shall confess his sway, 195
Him *Enopé*, and *Phare* him obey,
Cardamylé with ample Turrets crown'd,
And sacred *Pedasus*, for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures *Hyra* yields,
And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields: 200
The whole extent to *Pylos'* sandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the Main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil:
Bold are the Men, and gen'rous is the soil;
There shall he reign with pow'r & justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary Realms around. 206
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
Pluto, the grizly God who never spares,
Who feels no Mercy, and who hears no Pray'r's, 210
Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's abodes,
And Mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.
Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my sway.
The Monarch thus; the Rev'rend *Nestor* then: 215
Great *Agamemnon*! glorious King of Men!
Such

Such are thy offers as a Prince may take,
And such as fits a gen'rous King to make.

Let chosen Delegates this hour be sent,

(My self will name them) to *Pelides'* tent:

Let *Phœnix* lead, rever'd for hoary age,

Great *Ajax* next, and *Ithacus* the sage.

Yet more to sanctify the word you send,

Let *Hodius* and *Eurybates* attend.

Now pray to *Jove* to grant what *Greece* demands;

Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.

He said, and all approv'd. The Heralds bring
The cleansing water from the living spring.

The Youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd
And large Libations drench'd the sands around.

The Rite perform'd, the Chiefs their thirst allay,
Then from the Royal Tent they took their way;

Wife *Nestor* turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t'offend, instructs them to apply:

Much he advis'd them all, *Ulysses* most,
To deprecate the Chief, and save the Host.

Thro' the still night they march, & hear the roar
Of murmur'ring billows on the sounding shore.

To *Neptune*, Ruler of the Seas profound,
Whose liquid arms the mighty Globe surround,

They pour forth vows their Embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of stern *Æacides*.

And now arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay
The *Myrmidonian* Tents and Vessels lay;

Amus'd at ease, the godlike Man they found,
Pleas'd with the solemn Harp's harmonious sound.

The well-wrought Harp from conquer'd *Theba* came,
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame)

With this he sooths his angry soul, and sings
 Th' immortal deeds of Heroes and of Kings. 250
Patroclus only of the Royal Train,
 Plac'd in his Tent, attends the lofty strain :
 Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,
 In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
 Unseen the *Grecian* Embassy proceeds 255
 To his high Tent; the great *Ulysses* leads.
Achilles, starting as the Chiefs he spy'd,
 Leap'd from his seat, and laid the Harp aside.
 With like surprize arose *Menestius'* Son;
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun. 260

Princes all hail! whatever brought ye here,
 Or strong necessity, or urgent fear:
 Welcome, tho' *Greeks*! for not as Foes ye came;
 To me more dear than all that bear the name.
 With that, the Chiefs beneath his roof he led, 265
 And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
 Then thus---*Patroclus*, crown a larger bowl,
 Mix purer Wine, and open ev'ry soul.
 Of all the Warriors yonder Host can send,
 Thy Friend most honours these, & these thy Friend.

He said; *Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire 270
 Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire;
 The brazen vase *Automedon* sustains,
 Which flesh of porker, sheep, and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial Feast presides, 275
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
 Mean while *Patroclus* sweats the fire to raise;
 The Tent is brightned with the rising blaze :
 Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
 He strows a bed of glowing embers wide, 280

Ab-

BOOK IX. 11

Above the coals the smoaking fragments turns,
 And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted Urns;
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board Menestius' Son bestow'd;
 Himself oppos'd t' Ulysses full in fight, 285
 Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
 The first fat-off' rings, to th' Immortals due,
 Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw; 290
 Then each, indulging in the social feast,
 His thirst and hunger soberly represt.
 That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign;
 Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine
 The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
 His speech addressing to the godlike Man.

Health to Achilles! happy are thy Guests! 295
 Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts:
 Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
 That, Agamemnon's regal Tent affords; 300
 But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
 Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.
 What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear:
 Greece on the brink of Fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns nō help but from thy saving hands: 305
 Troy and her Aids for ready vengeance call; 310
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our Wall,
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,
 And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame!
 For them, the Father of the Gods declares,
 Theirs ate his omens, and his Thunder theirs. 315
 See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise Hector
 See! Heav'n and Earth the raging Chief defies;
 What fury in his breast, what light'ning in his eys!

He

He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
 The ships, the *Greeks*, and all the *Grecian* name. 315
 Heav'ns! how my Country's woes distract my mind
 Left Fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
 And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
 In *Trojan* dust, and this the fatal day?
 Return, *Achilles*! oh return, tho' late, 320
 To save thy *Greeks*, and stop the course of Fate;
 If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
 Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
 The day may come, when all our Warriors slain,
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain. 325
 Regard in time, O Prince divinely brave!
 Those wholesome counsels which thy Father gave.
 When *Peleus* in his aged arms embrac'd
 His parting Son, these accents were his last.
 My Child! with strength, with glory and success,
 Thy Arms may *Juno* and *Minerva* bleſs! 330
 Trust that to Heav'n---but thou, thy cares engage
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe; 335
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,
 The virtues of humanity be thine----
 This, now despis'd advice, thy Father gave;
 Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave,
 If thou wilt yield to great *Atrides'* pray'rs, 340
 Gifts worthy thee, his Royal hand prepares?
 If not---but hear me, while I number o'er
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.
 Ten weighty Talents of the purest gold,
 And twice ten Vases of refulgent mold; 345
 Sev'n

Sev'n sacred Tripods, whose unsully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame :
Twelve Steeds unmatch'd in fleetness & in force,
And still victorious in the dusty Course:
Rich were the man, whose ample stores exceed 350
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed)
Sev'n lovely Captives of the *Lesbian* line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
When *Lesbos* sunk beneath thy conqu'ring Arms. 355
All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these, the long contested Maid;
With all her charms *Bri/ceis* he'll resign,
And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes, 360
Pure from his Arms, and guiltless of his loves.
These instant shall be thine; and if the Pow'r's
Give to our Arms proud *Ilion*'s hostile tow'r's,
Then shalt thou store, when *Greece* the spoil divides,
With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides. 365
Besides full twenty Nymphs of *Trojan* race,
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thy self shall chuse; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen*'s heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: When our Wars are o'er,
If safe we land on *Argos'* fruitful shore, 371
There shalt thou live his Son, his honours share,
And with *Ore/steis'* self divide his care.
Yet more----three Daughters in his Court are bred,
And each well worthy of a Royal bed; 375
Laodicé and *Iphigenia* fair,
And bright *Chrysothemis* with golden hair;

Her

Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve,
He asks no presents, no reward for love.

Himself will give the dow'r; so vast a store, 380
As never Father gave a Child before.

Sev'n ample Cities shall confess thy sway,

Thee *Enopé*, and *Phera* thee obey,

Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,

And sacred *Pedasus*, for Vines renown'd; 385

Æpea fair, the pastures *Hyra* yields,

And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields:

The whole extent to *Pylos'* sandy plain

Along the verdant margin of the Main.

There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil; 390

Bold are the Men, and gen'rous is the foil;

There shalt thou reign with pow'r & justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary Realms around.

Such are the proffers which this day we bring;

Such the repentance of a suppliant King. 395

But if all this relentless thou disdain,

If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain;

Yet some redrefs to suppliant *Greece* afford,

And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.

If no regard thy suff'ring Country claim,

Hear thy own glory, and the voice of Fame:

For now that Chief, whose unresisted ire,

Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,

Proud *Hector* now, th' unequal fight demands,

And only triumphs to deserve thy hands. 405

Then thus the Goddess-born. *Ulysses*, hear

A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;

What in my secret soul is understood,

My tongue shall utter, & my deeds make good.

Let

BOOK IX. 15

Let *Greece* then know, my purpose I retain, 410
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of Hell.

Then thus in short my fixt resolves attend,
Which nor *Atrides*, nor his *Greeks* can bend; 415
Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The Wretch and Hero find their prize the same;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies, 420
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains.
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guardsthem, & from want defends; 425
In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
For thankless *Greece* such hardships have I brav'd,
Her Wives, her Infants by my labours sav'd;
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood, 430
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
I sack'd twelve ample Cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoaking on the *Trojan* plain:
Then at *Atrides'* haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made. 435
Your mighty Monarch these in peace possest;
Some few my Soldiers had, himself the rest.
Some present too to ev'ry Prince was paid;
And ev'ry Prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only must refund, of all his train; 440
See what preheminence our merits gain!

My

16 HOMER's ILIAD,

My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
 My Spouse alone must bless his lustful nights.
 The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
 But what's the quarrel then of *Greece* to *Troy*? 445
 What to these shores th' assembled Nations draws,
 What calls for vengeance but a Woman's cause?
 Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
 Belov'd by none but those of *Atreus'* race?
 The Wife whom choice and passion both approve,
 Sure ev'ry wife and worthy Man will love. 451
 Nor did my fair one less distinction claim;
 Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the Dame.
 Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not Kings again. 455
 Ye have my answer---what remains to do,
 Your King, *Ulysses*, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence this arm can make?
 Has he not Walls no human force can shake?
 Has he not fenc'd his guarded Navy round, 460
 With Piles, with Ramparts, and a Trench profound?
 And will not these (the wonders he has done)
 Repell the rage of *Priam*'s single Son?
 There was a time ('twas when for *Greece* I fought)
 When *Hector*'s prowess no such wonders wrought; 465
 He kept the verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the *Scaan* Gate; }
 He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by Fate.
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
 To morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore; 470
 Then shall you see our parting Vessels crown'd,
 And hear with oars the *Hellespont* resound.

The

BOOK IX: 17

The third day hence, shall *Pthia* greet our sails,
 If mighty *Neptune* send propitious gales;
Pthia to her *Achilles* shall restore 475
 The wealth he left for this detested shore:
 Thither the spoils of this long War shall pass,
 The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass:
 My beauteous Captives thither I'll convey,
 And all that refts of my unravish'd prey. 480
 One only valu'd gift your Tyrant gave,
 And that resum'd, the fair *Lyrnessian* Slave.
 Then tell him, loud that all the *Greeks* may hear,
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear.
 (For arm'd in impudence, Mankind he braves, 485
 And meditates new cheats on all his Slaves:
 Tho' shameless as he is, to face these eyes
 Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies) 488
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline, }
 Nor share his council, nor his battel join; }
 For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
 No----let the stupid Prince, whom *Jove* deprives
 Of senſe and justice, run where frenzy drives.
 His gifts are hateful: Kings of such a kind
 Stand but as Slaves before a noble mind. 495
 Not tho' he proffer'd all himself posseſt;
 And all his rapine cou'd from others wrest;
 Not all the golden tydes of wealth that crown
 The many-peopled *Orchomenian* town;
 Not all proud *Thebes'* unrival'd walls contain, 500
 The world's great Empress on th' *Agyptian* plain,
 (That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand States,
 And pours her Heroes thro' a hundred Gates,

Two hundred Horsemen, and two hundred Cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars) 505
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call;
'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.

Atrides' Daughter never shall be led 510
(An ill-match'd consort) to *Achilles'* bed;
Like golden *Venus* tho' she charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with *Pallas* in the works of Art.

Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a Tyrant's Race. 515

If Heav'n restore me to my Realms with life,
The rev'rend *Peleus* shall elect my Wife;
Thessalian Nymphs there are, of form divine,
And Kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
Blest in kind love, my years shall glide away, 520
Content with just hereditary sway;

There deaf for ever to the martial strife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all *Apollo's* Pythian treasures hold, 525

Or *Troy* once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day!

Lost herds and treasures, we by arms regain,
And Steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain;

But from our lips the vital spirit fled, 530
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.

My Fates long since by *Thetis* were disclos'd,
And each alternate, Life or Fame propos'd:
Here, if I stay, before the *Trojan* Town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown; 535

If

If I return, I quit immortal praise
 For years on years, and long-extended days.
 Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
 And warn the *Greeks* the wiser choice to make:
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy, 540
 Nor hope the fall of Heav'n-defended *Troy*.
Jove's arm display'd, asserts her from the skies;
 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
 Go then, to *Greece* report our fixt design;
 Bid all your Councils, all your Armies join, 545
 Let all your Forces, all your arts conspire,
 To save the Ships, the Troops, the Chiefs from fire.
 One Stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
 Ye find, *Achilles* is unconquer'd still.
 Go then----digest my message as ye may---- 550
 But here this night let rev'rend *Phænix* stay:
 His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in *Pthia's* friendly land.
 But whether he remain, or sail with me,
 His age be sacred, and his will be free. 555

The Son of *Peleus* ceas'd: The Chiefs around
 In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,
 Attend the stern reply. Then *Phænix* rose;
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)
 And while the fate of suff'ring *Greece* he mourn'd, 560
 With accents weak these tender words return'd.

Divine *Achilles*! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our Hosts in blood, our Fleets on fire?
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
 How shall thy Friend, thy *Phænix*, stay behind? 565
 The Royal *Peleus*, when from *Pthia's* coast
 He sent thee early to th' *Achaian* Host;

Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war. 570
To shine in Councils, and in Camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy fide!
No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
Not tho' the God that breath'd my life, restore
The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore, 575
When *Greece* of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delightful *Greece*, the land of lovely Dames.)
My Father, faithless to my Mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's Charms.
I try'd what youth could do (at her desire) 580
To win the Damsel, and prevent my Sire.
My Sire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, Ye Furies! barren be his bed.
Infernal *Jove*, the vengeful Fiends below,
And ruthless *Proserpine*, confirm'd his vow. 585
Despair and grief distract my lab'ring mind;
Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd?
I thought (but some kind God that thought suppress'd)
To plunge the ponyard in my Father's breast:
Then meditate my flight; my Friends in vain 590
With pray'r's entreat me, and with force detain.
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine.
Strong Guards they plac'd, & watch'd nine nights en-
The roofs & porches flam'd with constant fire. (tire;
The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unseen of all; 595
And favour'd by the night, o'er leap'd the wall.
My Travels thence thro' spacious *Greece* extend;
In *Pthia's* Court at last my labours end.

BOOK IX.

21

Your Sire receiv'd me, as his Son caref'd, 600
With gifts enrich'd, & with possessions bless'd.
The strong *Dolopians* thenceforth own'd my Reign,
And all the coast that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repay'd,
And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd: 605
Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
A Child I took thee, but a Hero gave.
Thy infant breast a like affection shew'd;
Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)
Or at my knee, by *Phœnix* wouldest thou stand;
No food was grateful but from *Phœnix'* hand. 611
I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And *Phœnix* felt a Father's joys in thee: 615
Thy growing Virtues justify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
Now by thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:
The Gods (the only great, and only wise) 620
Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice;
Offending Man their high compassion wins,
And daily pray'r's attone for daily sins.
Pray'r's are *Jove's* Daughters, of celestial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With humble mien, and with dejected eyes, 626
Constant they follow where *Injustice* flies:
Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide Earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While *Pray'r's*, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind. {

Who hears these Daughters of Almighty *Jove*, 631
For him they mediate to the Throne above:
When Man rejects the humble suit they make,
The Sire revenges for the Daughter's sake;
From *Jove* commission'd fierce *Injustice* then 635
Descends, to punish unrelenting Men.
Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway;
These reconciling Goddesses obey:
Due honours to the seed of *Jove* belong;
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong.
Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring, 641
Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty King,
Nor *Greece*, nor all her fortunes, should engage
Thy Friend to plead against so just a rage.
But since what honour asks, the Gen'ral sends, 645
And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
The best and noblest of the *Grecian* train;
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!
Let me (my Son) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old; 650
Hear what our Fathers were, and what their praise,
Wh^o conquer'd their revenge in former days.

Where *Calydon* on rocky mountains stands,
Once fought th' *Aetolian* and *Curetian* Bands;
To guard it those, to conquer, these advance; 655
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The silver *Cynthia* bade *Contention* rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;
On *Oeneus'* fields she sent a monstrous Boar,
That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore: 660
This beast (when many a Chief his tusks had slain)
Great *Meleager* stretch'd along the plain.

Then,

Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour Nations thence commencing Foes.
Strong as they were, the bold *Curetes* fail'd, 665
While *Meleager's* thund'ring arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,
(For Rage invades the wifest and the best.)
Curs'd by *Althaea*, to his wrath he yields,
And in his Wife's embrace forgets the fields. 670
“ (She from *Marpessa* sprung, divinely fair,
“ And matchless *Idas*, more than Man in war;
“ The God of day ador'd the Mother's charms;
“ Against the God the Father bent his Arms: 674
“ Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,
“ From *Cleopatra* chang'd this Daughter's name,
“ And call'd *Alcyone*; a name to show
“ The Father's grief, the mourning Mother's woe.)
To her the Chief retir'd from stern debate,
But found no peace from fierce *Althaea's* hate: 680
Althaea's hate th' unhappy Warrior drew,
Whose luckless hand his Royal Uncle flew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the Pow'rs beneath
On her own Son to wreak her Brother's death:
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound, 685
And the red Fiends that walk the nightly round.
In vain *Aetolia* her Deliv'rer waits,
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She sent Embassadors, a chosen band,
Priests of the Gods, and Elders of the land; 690
Besought the Chief to save the sinking State;
Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers great:
(Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
Half pasture green, & half with Vin'yards crown'd.)

His suppliant Father, aged *Oeneus*, came; 695
His Sisters follow'd ev'n the vengeful Dame;
Althea sues; His Friends before him fall:
He stands relentless, & rejects'em all.
Mean while the Victor's shouts ascend the skies;
The Walls are scal'd; the rolling flames arise; 700
At length his Wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, & supplicating tears:
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd Town,
The Heroes slain, the Palaces o'erthrown,
The Matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd: 705
The Warrior heard, he vanquish'd, & he sav'd.
Th' *Aetolians*, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the Chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor stay, till yonder Fleets ascend in fire: 710
Accept the presents; draw thy conqu'ring sword;
And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

Thus he: The stern *Achilles* thus reply'd.
My second Father, and my rev'rend guide!
Thy Friend, believe me, no such gifts demands;
And asks no honours from a Mortal's hands: 716
Jove honours me, and favours my designs;
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I stay, (if such his high behest)
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast. 720
Yet hear one word, & lodge it in thy heart,
No more molest me on *Atrides'* part:
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows? for my mortal Foe?
A gen'rous Friendship no cold medium knows, 725
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One

One should our int'rests, and our passions be;
My Friend must hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my *Phœnix*, 'tis a gen'rous part, 729
And share my Realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let these return: Our voyage, or our stay,
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd; then order'd for the Sage's bed
A warmer couch with num'rous carpets spread.
With that, stern *Ajax* his long Silence broke, 735
And thus, impatient, to *Ulysses* spoke.

Hence, let us go---why waste we time in vain?
See what effect our low submissions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
The *Greeks* expect them, & our Heroes wait. 740
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its stubborn purpose, & his Friends disdains.
Stern, and unpitying! if a Brother bleed,
On just attonement, we remit the deed;
A Sire the slaughter of his Son forgives; 745
The price of blood discharg'd, the Murd'rer lives:
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine.
The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One Woman-Slave was ravish'd from thy arms: 751
Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, *Achilles!* be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy Guests be kind;
And know the Men, of all the *Grecian* Host, 755
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.
Oh Soul of Battels, and thy People's Guide!
(To *Ajax* thus the first of *Greeks* reply'd)

26 HOMER's ILIAD,

Well hast thou spoke; but at the Tyrant's name,
 My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame, 760
 'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
 Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
 Return then Heroes! and our answer bear,
 The glorious Combat is no more my care;
 Not till amidst yon' sinking Navy slain, 765
 The Blood of *Greeks* shall dye the sable main;
 Not till the flames, by *Hector*'s fury thrown,
 Consume your Vessels, and approach my own;
 Just there, th' impetuous Homicide shall stand,
 There cease his Battel, and there feel our hand. 770

This said, each Prince a double goblet crown'd,
 And cast a large libation on the ground;
 Then to their Vessels, thro' the gloomy shades,
 The Chiefs return; divine *Ulysses* leads.
 Meantime *Achilles*' slaves prepar'd a bed, 775
 With fleeces, carpets, and soft Linen spread:
 There, till the sacred morn restor'd the day,
 In flumbers sweet the rev'rend *Phœnix* lay.
 But in his inner tent, an ampler space,
Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace } 780
 Fair *Diomedè* of the *Lesbian* race.

Last, for *Patroclus* was the couch prepar'd,
 Whose nightly joys the beauteous *Iphis* shar'd:
Achilles to his Friend confign'd her charms,
 When *Scyros* fell before his conqu'ring Arms. 785

And now th' elected Chiefs whom *Greece* had sent,
 Pass'd thro' the Hosts, and reach'd the Royal tent.
 Then rising all, with Goblets in their hands,
 The Peers and Leaders of th' *Achaian* Bands

Hail'd

Hail'd their return: *Atrides* first begun. 790

Say what Success? divine *Laertes' Son!*

Achilles' high resolves declare to all;

Returns the Chief, or must our Navy fall?

Great King of Nations! (*Ithacus* reply'd)

Fixt is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride; 795

He flights thy Friendship, thy proposals scorns,

And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.

To save our Army, and our Fleets to free,

Is not his care; but left to *Greece* and thee.

Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,

Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly. 801

Us too he bids our oars and fails employ,

Nor hope the fall of Heav'n-protected *Troy*;

For *Jove* o'ershades her with his arm divine,

Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine. 805

Such was his word: What farther he declar'd,

These sacred Heralds and great *Ajax* heard.

But *Phœnix* in his tent the Chief retains,

Safe to transport him to his native plains,

When morning dawns: if other he decree, 810

His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd; The great *Achaian* Host,

With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,

Attend the stern reply. *Tydides* broke

The gen'ral silence, and undaunted spoke. 815

Why shou'd we gifts to proud *Achilles* send,

Or strive with pray'r's his haughty soul to bend?

His Country's woes he glories to deride,

And pray'r's will burst that swelling heart with pride.

Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd; 820

Our battels let him, or desert, or aid;

Then

Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madness, or to Heav'n commit.
What for our selves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repast refresh our pow'rs; 825
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food)
But when the rosy Messenger of day
Strikes the blue Mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the Ships let all our Squadrons shine, 830
In flaming Arms, a long-extended line:
In the dread front let great *Atrides* stand,
The first in danger as in high command.
Shouts of Acclaim the list'ning Heroes raise,
Then each to Heav'n the due libations pays; 835
Till sleep descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.



THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The night-Adventure of *Diomed*
and *Ulysses*.

UPON the refusal of Achilles to return to the Army, the distress of Agamemnon is describ'd in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes thro' the Camp, awaking the Leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the publick safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses and Diomed are employ'd in raising the rest of the Captains. They call a Council of War, and determine to send Scouts into the Enemy's Camp to learn their posture and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise,

30 HOMER's ILIAD,

prize, and makes choice of Ulysses for his Companion. In their passage they surprize Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the Camp of the Grecians. From him they are inform'd of the situation of the Trojan and Auxiliary Forces, and particularly of Rhesus and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success, kill Rhesus, with several of his Officers, and seize the famous Horses of that Prince, with which they return in Triumph to the Camp.

The same night continues; the Scene lies in the two Camps.

ALL night the Chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
All but the King; with various thoughts opprest,
His Country's cares lay rowling in his breast.
As when by Lightnings Jove's Aetherial pow'r 5
Foretells the ratling hail, or weighty show'r,
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
Or bids the brazen throat of War to roar;
By fits one flash succeeds, as one expires,
And Heav'n flames thick with momentary fires. 10
So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the passing wind their music blow, 15
And marks distinct the voices of the Foe.
Now looking backwards to the Fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd Host.
He rends his hairs, in sacrifice to Jove,
And sues to him that ever lives above: 20

Inly

Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.

A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves;
To seek sage *Nestor* now the Chief resolves,
With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate 25
What yet remains to save th' afflicted State.

He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;
A Lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed javelin held. 30

Meanwhile his Brother, prest with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,
Laments for *Greece*; that in his cause before
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.

A Leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread; 35
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:

Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went,
To wake *Atrides* in the Royal Tent.

Already wak'd, *Atrides* he descry'd,
His Armour buckling at his vessel's side. 40

Joyful they met; the *Spartan* thus begun:
Why puts my Brother his bright Armour on?
Sends he some Spy, amidst these silent hours,
To try yon' Camp, and watch the *Trojan* Pow'r's?
But say, what Hero shall sustain that task; 45
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask;
Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,
And 'midst a hostile Camp explore the Foe?

To whom the King. In such distress we stand;
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand; 50
Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.

For

For *Jove*, averse, our humble vows denies,
And bows his head to *Hector*'s sacrifice.
What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd, 55
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd,
Such wond'rous deeds as *Hector*'s hand has done,
And we beheld, the last revolving Sun?
What honours the belov'd of *Jove* adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born, 60
Yet such his acts, as *Greeks* unborn shall tell,
And curse the Battel where their Fathers fell.

Now speed thy hasty course along the Fleet,
There call great *Ajax*, and the Prince of *Crete*.
Our self to hoary *Nestor* will repair; 65
To keep the Guards on duty, be his care;
(For *Nestor*'s influence best that quarter guides;
Whose Son, with *Merion*, o'er the Watch presides.)
To whom the *Spartan*: These thy orders born,
Say shall I stay, or with dispatch return? 70
There shalt thou stay (the King of Men reply'd)
Else may we miss to meet, without a Guide,
The paths so many, and the Camp so wide.
Still, with your voice, the sloathful Soldiers raise,
Urge by their Father's fame, their future praise. 75
Forget we now our state and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of Man below;
And when *Jove* gave us life, he gave us woe.

This said, each parted to his sev'ral cares; 80
The King to *Nestor*'s fable ship repairs;
The sage Protector of the *Greeks* he found
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his Arms around;

The

The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
The shining helmet, and the pointed Spears: 85
The dreadful weapons of the Warrior's rage,
That old in Arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary Monarch rais'd his eyes, and said.

What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown
While others sleep, thus range the Camp alone? 91
Seek'st thou some Friend, or nightly Centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

O Son of *Neleus*, (thus the King rejoin'd)
Pride of the *Greeks*, and glory of thy kind! 95

Lo here the wretched *Agamemnon* stands,
Th' unhappy Gen'ral of the *Grecian Bands*,
Whom *Jove* decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life shall end!

Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,
And scarce my heart support its load of pain. 101

No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
With fears distracted, with no fix'd design;
And all my People's miseries are mine. 105
If ought of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)

Impart thy counsel, and assist thy Friend:
Now let us jointly to the Trench descend,
At ev'ry gate the fainting Guard excite, 110
Tir'd with the toils of day, and watch of night:
Else may the sudden Foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus *Nestor*. Trust the Pow'r's above,
Nor think proud *Hector*'s hopes confirm'd by *Jove*:
VOL. III. C How

How ill agree the views of vain Mankind ;
And the wise counsels of th' eternal Mind ?

Audacious *Hector*, if the Gods ordain
That great *Achilles* rise and rage again ,

What toils attend thee , and what woes remain ? }
Lo faithful *Nestor* thy command obeys ; } 121

The care is next our other Chiefs to raise :
Ulysses, *Diomed* we chiefly need ;

Mages for strength , *Oileus* fam'd for speed . } 125
Some other be dispatch'd , of nimbler feet ,

To those tall ships , remotest of the Fleet ,
Where lie great *Ajax* and the King of Crete . }

To rouse the *Spartan* I my self decree ;

Dear as he is to us , and dear to thee ,

Yet must I tax his sloath , that claims no share . } 130

With his great Brother in this martial care :

Him it behov'd to ev'ry Chief to sue ,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you ;

For strong *Necessity* our toils demands ,

Claims all our hearts , and urges all our hands . } 135

To whom the King : With rev'rence we allow
Thy just rebukes , yet leath to spare them now ,

My gen'rous Brother is of gentle kind ,

He seems remiss , but bears a valiant mind ;

'Thro' too much def'rence to our Sov'reign sway ,
Content to follow when we lead the way . } 141

But now our ills industrious to prevent ,

Long e'er the rest , he rose , and sought my tent .

The Chiefs you nam'd , already , at his call ,

Prepare to meet us near the Navy-wall ; } 145

Assembling there , between the Trench and Gates ,
Near the night-Guards , our chosen Council waits .

Then

Then none (said *Nestor*) shall his rule withstand,
For great examples justify command.

With that, the venerable Warrior rose; 150
The shining greaves his manly legs inclose;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in hast
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past. 155
The Camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping crowd;
Stopp'd at *Ulysses'* tent, and call'd aloud:
Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.
What new distress, what sudden cause of fright 160
Thus leads you wandring in the silent night?
O prudent Chief! (the *Pylian* Sage reply'd)
Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd.
Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought, 165
Whatever methods, or to fly, or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:
Then join'd the Chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold *Diomed* they found, 170
All sheath'd in Arms, his brave Companions round:
Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield.
A wood of spears stood by, that fixt upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quiv'ring light. 175
A Bull's black hide compos'd the Hero's bed;
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old *Nestor* gently shakes
The slumb'ring Chief, and in these words awakes:

Rise, Son of *Tydeus*! to the brave and strong
Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long. 181
But sleep'st thou now? when from yon' hills the Foe
Hangs o'er the Fleet, and shades our Walls below?

At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled;
The Warrior saw the hoary Chief and said. 185
Wond'rous old Man! whose soul no respite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose.
Let younger *Greeks* our sleeping Warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.

My Friend, (he answer'd) gen'rous is thy care, 190
These toils, my Subjects and my Sons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
To ease a Sov'reign, and relieve a Sire.

But now the last despair surrounds our Host,
No hour must pass, no moment must be lost; 195
Each single *Greek*, in this conclusive strife,
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to these my cares, and rouze the rest; 200
He serves me most, who serves his Country best.

This said, the Hero o'er his shoulders flung
A Lion's spoils, that to his ankles hung; }
Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along. }
Meges the bold, with *Ajax* fam'd for speed, 205
The Warrior rouz'd, and to th' Entrenchments led.

And now the Chiefs approach the nightly Guard;
A wakeful Squadron each in Arms prepar'd:
Th' unwear'y'd Watch their list'ning Leaders keep,
And couching close, repell invading sleep. 210

30 His

So faithful Dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;
When the gaunt Lionesse, with hunger bold, 213
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Thro' breaking woods her rust'ling course they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear
Of Hounds and Men; they start, they gaze around;
Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry sound.

Thus watch'd the *Grecians*, cautious of surprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright; 221
And hostile *Troy* was ever full in fight.

Hector with joy the wakeful Band survey'd,
And thus accosted thro' the gloomy shade.

'Tis well, my Sons, your nightly cares employ, 225
Else must our Host become the scorn of *Troy*.
Watch thus, and *Greece* shall live — The Hero said;

Then o'er the Trench the following Chieftains led.
His Son, and godlike *Merion* march'd behind,
(For these the Princes to their Council join'd) 230
The trenches past, th' assembled Kings around
In silent state the Consistory crown'd.

A place there was, yet undefil'd with gore,
The spot where *Hector* stop'd his rage before,
When night descending, from his vengeful hand 235
Repriev'd the relicks of the *Grecian* Band:
(The plain beside with mangled corps was spread,
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)

There fate the mournful Kings: when *Neleus'* Son,
The Council opening, in these words begun. 240
Is there (he said) a Chief so greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his Country save?

Lives there a Man, who singly dares to go
To yonder Camp, or seize some stragling Foe?
Or favour'd by the night, approach so near, 245
Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?
If to besiege our Navies they prepare,
Or *Troy* once more must be the seat of War?
This could he learn, and to our Peers recite,
And pass unharmed the dangers of the night; 250
What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
While *Rhaebus* shines, or men have tongues to praise?
What gifts his grateful Country would bestow?
What must not *Greece* to her Deliv'rer owe?
A fable ewe each Leader should provide, 255
With each a fable lambkin by her side;
At ev'ry rite his share should be increas'd,
And his the foremost honours of the feast.

Fear held them mute: Alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides spoke---The Man you seek, is here. 260
Thro' yon' black Camps to head my dang'rous way,
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let some other chosen Warrior join,
To raise my hopes, and second my design.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid, 265
Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made;
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
And one brave Hero fans another's fire.

Contending Leaders at the word arose;
Each gen'rous breast with emulation glows; 270
So brave a task each *Ajax* strove to share,
Bold *Merion* strove, and *Nestor's* valiant Heir;
The *Spartan* wish'd the second place to gain,
And great *Ulysses* wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.

The

Then thus the King of Men the contest ends : 275
Thou first of Warriors, and thou best of Friends,
Undaunted *Diomed*! what Chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.
Just be thy choice, without affection made,
To birth, or office, no respect be paid; 280
Let worth determine here. The Monarch spake
And inly trembled for his Brother's sake.

Then thus (the Godlike *Diomed* rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulse of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great *Ulysses* stands
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands? 285
A Chief, whose safety is *Minerva's* care;
So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of War?
Blest in his conduct, I no aid require,
Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire.

It fits thee not, before these Chiefs of fame, 290
(Reply'd the Sage) to praise me, or to blame:
Praise from a Friend, or censure from a Foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
But les us haste — Night rolls the hours away,
The redning orient shows the coming day; 295
The Stars shine fainter on th' Aethereal plains,
And of Night's Empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,
In Arms terrific their huge limbs they dreft.
A two-edg'd faulchion *Thrasymed* the brave, 300
And ample buckler, to *Tydides* gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread;
(Such as by Youths unus'd to Arms, are worn;
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.) 305

Next him *Ulysses* took a shining sword,
 A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:
 A well-prov'd casque with leather braces bound
 (Thy gift, *Meriones*) his temples crown'd;
 Soft wool within; without, in order spread, 310
 A Boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
 This from *Amyntor*, rich *Ormenus'* Son,
Autolychus by fraudulent rapine won,
 And gave *Amphydamas*; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties; 315
 The helmet next by *Merion* was possess'd,
 And now *Ulysses'* thoughtful temples press'd.
 Thus sheath'd in Arms, the Council they forfake,
 And dark thro' paths oblique their progress take.
 Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent, 320
 A long-wing'd Heron great *Minerva* sent;
 This, tho' surrounding shades obscur'd their view,
 By the shrill clang and whistling wings, they knew.
 As from the right she soar'd, *Ulysses* pray'd,
 Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the Maid. 325

O Daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield.
 O thou! for ever present in my way,
 Who, all my motions, all my toils survey!
 Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade, 330
 Safe by thy succour to our Ships convey'd;
 And let some deed this signal night adorn,
 To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then Godlike *Diomed* prefer'd his pray'r:
 Daughter of *Jove*, unconquer'd *Pallas!* hear. 335
 Great Queen of Arms, whose favour *Tydeus* won,
 As thou defend'st the Sire, defend the Son.

When

When on *Aesopus'* banks the banded Pow'rs
Of *Greece* he left, and fought the *Theban* tow'rs,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful show,
He went a Legat, but return'd a Foe: 341
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be present, Oh celestial Maid!

So still continue to the race thine aid! 345
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops resplendent gold adorns.

The Heroes pray'd, and *Pallas* from the skies,
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprize. 351
Now, like two Lions panting for the prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,
Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er Arms, and hills of slain.

Nor less bold *Hector* and the Sons of *Troy*, 356
On high designs the wakeful hours employ;
Th' assembled Peers their lofty Chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd.

What glorious Man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward? 361
Of yonder Fleet a bold discov'ry make,
What watch they keep, & what resolves they take:
If now subdu'd they meditate their flight,
And spent with toil negle&t the watch of night?
His be the Chariot that shall please him most, 366
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd Host;
His the fair Steeds that all the rest excell,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well.

A Youth there was among the Tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, *Eumedes'* only Boy, 371
 (Five Girls beside the rev'rend Herald told)
 Rich was the Son in brafs, and rich in gold;
 Not blest by Nature with the charms of face,
 But swift of foot, and matchless in the race. 375
Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet
 This high atchievement, and explore the Fleet:
 But first exalt thy Sceptre to the skies,
 And swear to grant me the demanded prize; 380
 Th' immortal Coursers, and the glitt'ring Car,
 That bear *Pelides* thro' the ranks of War.
 Encourag'd thus, no idle Scout I go,
 Fulfill thy wish, their whole intention know,
 Ev'n to the Royal Tent pursue my way, 385
 And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The Chief then heav'd the golden Sceptre high,
 Attesting thus the Monarch of the Sky.
 Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!
 Whose Thunder shakes the dark aerial hall. 390
 By none but *Dolon* shall this prize be born,
 And him alone th' immortal Steeds adorn.

Thus *Hector* swore: the Gods were call'd in vain;
 But the rash Youth prepares to scour the plain:
 A-cross his back the bended bow he flung, 395
 A Wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
 A' Ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
 And in his hand a pointed javelin shin'd.
 Then (never to return) he fought the shore,
 And trod the path his feet must tread no more. 400
 Scarce had he pass'd the Steeds and *Trojan* throng,
 (Still bending forward as he cours'd along)

When,

When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to *Diomed*.

O Friend! I hear some step of hostile feet, 405
Moving this way, or hast'ning to the Fleet;
Some Spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main;
Or nightly Pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace. 410
But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confine his course along the Fleet and shore,
Betwixt the Camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to *Troy*.

With that, they step'd aside, & stoop'd their head
(As *Dolon* pass'd) behind a heap of dead: 415
Along the path the Spy unwary flew;
Soft, at just distance, both the Chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two Teams of Mules divide the green, 420
(To whom the Hind like shares of Land allows)
When now few furrows part th' aproaching ploughs.
Now *Dolon* list'ning, heard them as they past;
Hector (he thought) had sent, & check'd his haft,
Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw, 425
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the Foe.
As when two skilful hounds the lev'ret wind'e,
Or chase thro' woods obscure the trembling hinde;
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the Herd still turn the flying prey: 430
So fast, and with such fears, the *Trojan* flew;
So close, so constant, the bold *Greeks* pursue.
Now almost on the Fleet the Dastard falls,
And mingles with the Guards that watch the Walls;

When

When brave *Tyrides* stopp'd; a gen'rous thought
(Inspir'd by *Pallas*) in his bosom wrought, 436
Lest on the Foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Who'e'er thou art remain;
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain. 440
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past;
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
The Wretch stood prop'd, & quiver'd as he stood;
A sudden palsey seiz'd his turning head; 445
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting Warriors seize him as he stands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my Father shall bestow: 450
Vast heaps of brass shall in your Ships be told,
And steel well temper'd, and resplendent gold.

To whom *Ulysses* made this wise reply;
Who'e'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the sight,
To roam the silent fields in dead of night? 456
Cam'st thou the secrets of our Camp to find,
By *Hector* prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art' some wretch by hopes of plunder led,
Thro' heaps of carnage to despoil the dead? 460

Then thus pale *Dolon* with a fearful look,
(Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)
Hither I came, by *Hector*'s words deceiv'd;
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:
No less a bribe than great *Achilles'* Car, 465
And those swift Steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd

BOOK X.

45

Urg'd me; unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take,
If now subdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(*Ulysses*, with a scornful smile, replies)
Far other Rulers those proud Steeds demand,
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great *Achilles* scarce their rage can tame, 475
Achilles sprung from an immortal Dame.

But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the *Trojan* Chief to-night?
Where stand his Coursers? In what quarter sleep
Their other Princes? tell what watch they keep? 480
Say, since this conquest, what their counsels are?
Or here to combat, from their City far,
Or back to *Ilion*'s walls transfer the War?

Ulysses thus, and thus *Eumeedes'* Son:
What *Dolon* knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
Hector, the Peers assembling in his Tent, 486
A Council holds at *Ilus'* Monument.
No certain Guards the nightly watch partake;
Where e'er yon' fires ascend, the *Trojans* wake:
Anxious for *Troy*, the guard the Natives keep; 490
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar Forces sleep,
Whose Wives and Infants, from the danger far,
Discharge their souls of half the fears of War.

Then sleep those Aids among the *Trojan* Train,
(Enquir'd the Chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain? 495
To whom the Spy: Their pow'r's they thus dispose:
The *Paeons*, dreadful with their bended bows,

The

46 HOMER's ILIAD,

The *Carians*, *Caucans*, the *Pelasgian Host*,
 And *Leleges*, encamp along the coast.
 Not distant far, lie higher on the land 500
 The *Lycian*, *Myrian*, and *Mœonian Band*,
 And *Phrygia's Horse*, by *Thymbra's* acent wall;
 The *Thracians* utmost, and a-part from all:
 These *Troy* but lately to her succour won,
 Led on by *Rhesus*, great *Eioneus' Son*: 505
 I saw his Coursers in proud triumph go,
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow:
 Rich silver plates his shining Car infold;
 His solid Arms, resplendent, flame with gold;
 No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load, 510
 Celestial *Panoply*, to grace a God!
 Let me, unhappy, to your Fleet be born,
 Or leave me here, a *Captive's* fate to mourn,
 In cruel chains; till your return reveal
 The truth or falsehood of the news I tell. 515

To this *Tydides*, with a gloomy frown:
 Think not to live, tho all the truth be shown:
 Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
 To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
 Or that again our Camps thou mayst explore? 520
 No — once a *Traytor*, thou betray'd no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the Wretch prepar'd
 With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
 Like lightning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,
 Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; 525
 One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to Hell,
 The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
 The fury helmet from his brow they rear,
 The wolf's grey hide, th' unbentid bow and spear;

These

These great *Ulysses* lifting to the skies,
To fav'ring *Pallas* dedicates the prize. 530

Great Queen of Arms! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the *Thracian* Steeds reward our toil:
Thee first of all the heav'nly Host we praise;
Oh speed our labours, and direct our ways! 535
This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a spreading Tamarisk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds & gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footsteps to the place again. 539

Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields,
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er Arms and heaps of shields.
Arriving where the *Thracian* Squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day,
Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate Band;
The Horses yok'd beside each Warrior stand. 545
Their Arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd.
Amidst, lay *Rhesus*, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white Steeds behind his Chariot bound.
The welcome fight *Ulysses* first descries, 550
And points to *Diomed* the tempting prize.
The Man, the Courfers, and the Car behold!
Describ'd by *Dolon*, with the Arms of gold.
Now, brave *Tydides*! now thy courage try,
Approach the Chariot, and the Steeds untye; 555
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the Steeds.
Pallas (this said) her Hero's bosom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms;
Where e'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursu'd; 560
His thirsty faulchion, fat with hostile blood,
Bath'd

48 HOMER'S ILIAD,

Bath'd all his footsteps; dy'd the fields with gore;
 And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the shore.
 So the grim Lion, from his nightly den,
 O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen; 565
 On Sheep or Goats, restless in his way,
 He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
 Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
 Till twelve lay breathless of the *Thracian* Band.
Ulysses following, as his Part'ner flew, 570
 Back by the foot each slaughter'd Warrior drew;
 The milk-white Courfers studious to convey
 Safe to the Ships, he wisely clear'd the way,
 Lest the fierce Steeds, not yet to Battels bred,
 Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead. 575
 Now twelve dispatch'd, the Monarch last they found:
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
 Just then a deathful dream *Minerva* sent;
 A warlike form appear'd before his Tent,
 Whose visionary steel his bosom tore: 580
 So dream'd the Monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulysses now the snowy Steeds detains,
 And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
 These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along:
 (The scourge forgot, on *Rhesus* Chariot hung)
 Then gave his Friend the signal to retire;
 But him, new dangers, new achievements fire:
 Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
 To send more Heroes to th' infernal shade,
 Drag off the Car where *Rhesus* Armour lay, 590
 Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
 While unresolv'd the son of *Tydens* stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her Chief commands.

Ulysses

Enough,

Enough; my Son, from farther slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace; 595
Haste to the Ships, the gotten spoils enjoy;
Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of *Troy*.

The voice divine confess'd the martial Maid;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The Coursers fly before *Ulysses' bow*, 600
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd: the God of light
Had watch'd his *Troy*, and mark'd *Minerva's flight*;
Saw *Tydeus' Son* with heav'nly succour blest,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast. 605
Swift to the *Trojan Camp* descends the Pow'r,
And wakes *Hippocoon* in the morning-hour,
(On *Rhesus' side* accustom'd to attend,
A faithful Kinsman, and instructive Friend.)
Heroe, and saw the field deform'd with blood, 610
An empty space where late the Coursers stood,
The yet-warm *Thracians* panting on the coast;
For each he wept, but for his *Rhesus* most:
Now while on *Rhesus' name* he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain; 615
On heaps the *Trojans* rush, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the slaughterers of the night.

Mean while the Chiefs, arriving at the shade
Where late the spoils of *Hector's Spy* were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd; to him *Tydides* bore 620
The Trophee, dropping yet with *Dolon's gore*:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The Coursers ply; and thunder tow'rds the Fleet.

Old *Nestor* first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the *Grecian Peers* around. 625

50 HOMER's ILIAD,

Methinks the noise of tramp'ling Steeds I hear
 Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
 Perhaps some Horses of the *Trojan* breed
 (So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes succeed)
 The great *Tydides* and *Ulysses* bear, 630
 Return'd triumphant with this prize of War.
 Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
 The Chiefs out-number'd by the *Trojan* Train:
 Perhaps, ev'n now pursu'd, they seek the shore;
 Or oh! perhaps those Heroes are no more. 635
 Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the Chiefs appear,
 And spring to earth: the *Greeks* dismiss their fear:
 With words of Friendship and extended hands
 They greet the Kings; and *Nestor* first demands:
 Say thou, whose praises all our Host proclaim,
 Thou living glory of the *Grecian* name! 640
 Say whence these Coursers? by what chance bestow'd,
 The spoil of Foes, or present of a God?
 Not those fair Steeds so radiant and so gay,
 That draw the burning Chariot of the day. 645
 Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
 And daily mingle in the martial field;
 But sure till now no Coursers struck my sight
 Like these, conspicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
 Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
 Blest as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies; 650
 The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
 * And * her, whose fury bathes the World with gore.
 * *Mi-*
nerva. Father! not so, (sage *Ithacus* rejoind')
 The gifts of Heav'n are of a nobler kind. 655
 Of *Thracian* lineage are the Steeds ye view,
 Whose hostile King the brave *Tydides* slew;

Sleep

BOOK X.

51

Sleeping he dy'd, with all his Guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came, 660
A Wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,
By Hector sent our Forces to explore,
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the Trench the bounding Coursers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue. 665
Strait to Tydides' high Pavilion born,
The matchless Steeds his ample stalls adorn:
The neighing Courfers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
But Dolon's Armour to his Ships convey'd, 670
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,
A Trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid.
Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main:
Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil, 675
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
In due repast indulge the genial hour,
And first to Pallas the libations pour:
They fit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crownd goblet foams with floods of wine. 680



D 2

THE



THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIA D.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third Battel, and the Acts of
Agamemnon.

A Gamemnon having arm'd himself, leads the Grecians to Battel: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the Signals of War. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the King shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the Enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a while; but the latter being wounded by Paris is obliged to desert his Companions,

BOOK IX. 53

panion, who is encompass'd by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that Hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other Wing of the Army, is pierced with an Arrow by Paris, and carry'd from the fight in Nestor's Chariot. Achilles (who overlook'd the Action from his ship) sends Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former Wars which he remember'd, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his Countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's Armour. Patroclus in his return meets Euprylius also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the Poem; and the same day, with its various Actions and Adventures, is extended thro' the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth, books. The Scene lies in the field near the Monument of Ilus.

THE saffron Morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose resplendent from *Tithonus'* bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the Courts of Heav'n with sacred light.
When baleful *Eris*, sent by Jove's command, 5
The torch of Discord blazing in her hand,
Thro' the red skies her bloody Sign extends,
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the Fleets descends.
High on *Ulysses'* Bark her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land. 10

Ev'n *Ajax* and *Achilles* heard the sound,
Whose Ships remote the guarded Navy bound.
Thence the black Fury thro' the *Grecian* throng
With horror sounds the loud *Orthian* song:
The Navy shakes, and at the dire alarms 15
Each bosom boils, each Wartior starts to Arms.
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the Combat burn.

The King of Men his hardy Host inspires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himself first rose, himself before the rest 21
His mighty limbs in radiant Armour dreſt.
And first he cas'd his manly legs around
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:
The beaming Cuirafs next adorn'd his breast, 25
The same which once King *Cinyras* posſeſt:
(The fame of *Greece* and her assembled Host
Had reach'd that Monarch on the *Cyprian* coast;
'Twas then, the friendship of the Chief to gain,
This glorious gift he sent, nor ſent in vain.) 30
Ten rows of azure ſteel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile Gold;
Three glitt'ring Dragons to the gorget riſe,
Whose imitated ſcales againſt the skies
Refleſted various light, and arching bow'd, 35
Like colour'd Rainbows o'er a show'ry cloud:
(*Jove's* wond'rous Bow, of three celeſtial dyes,
Plac'd as a Sign to Man amid the skies.)
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his fide: 40
Gold was the hilt, a silver ſheath encas'd
The ſhining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.

His Buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
That round the Warrior cast a dreadful shade;
Ten Zones of brafs its ample brims surround, 45
And twice ten bofes the bright convex crown'd;
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield.
Within its concave hung a silver thong,
On which a mimic serpent creeps along, 50
His azure length in easy waves extends,
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two steely javelins wields, 55
That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.

That instant, *Juno* and the martial Maid
In happy Thunders promis'd *Greece* their aid;
High o'er the Chief they clash'd their Arms in air,
And leaning from the clouds, expect the war. 60

Close to the limits of the Trench and Mound,
The fiery Courfers to their Chariots bound
The Squires restrain'd: The Foot, with those who wield
The lighter Arms, rush'd forward to the field.

To second these, in close array combin'd, 65
The Squadrons spread their fable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy Sun,
As with the light the Warriors toils begun.
Evn Jove, whose Thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field; 70
The woes of Men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughter that must stain the day.

Near *Iulus*' Tomb, in order rang'd around,
The *Trojan* Lines posseſſ'd the rising ground,

There wise *Polydamas* and *Hector* stood; 75
Aeneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold *Polybus*, *Agenor* the divine;
The Brother-Warriors of *Antenor*'s line;
With youthful *Acamas*, whose beauteous face
And fair proportion match'd th' ethereal Race. 80
Great *Hector*, cover'd with his spacious shield,
Plies all the Troops, and orders all the field.
As the red Star now shows his sanguine fires
Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the godlike Man, 85
Plung'd in the Rear, or blazing in the Van;
While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his Arms as light'ning from the skies.
As sweating Reapers in some wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet; 90
Thick fall the heavy harvests at their feet.
So *Greece* and *Troy* the field of War divide,
And falling ranks are strow'd on ev'ry side.
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight; 95
But Horse to Horse, and Man to Man they fight.
Not rabid Wolves more fierce contest their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
And drinks large slaughter at her fanguin eyes: 100
Discord alone, of all th' immortal Train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden Mansions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above, 105
And each accus'd the partial Will of Jove.

Mean-

Mean-while apart, superior, and alone,
Th' eternal Monarch, on his awful Throne
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless Glory fate;
And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of Fate. 110
On Earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,
And mark'd the spot where *Ilion's* Tow'r's arise;
The sea with Ships, the fields with Armies spread,
The Victor's rage, the dying, and the dead. 114

Thus while the morning-beams increasing bright
O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light,
Committal Death the Fate of War confounds,
Each adverse Battel goar'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale
The weary Wood-man spreads his sparing meal, 120
When his tir'd arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;
But not till half the prostrate Forests lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks impulsive might 125
Pierc'd the black *Phalanx*, and let in the light.
Great *Agamemnon* then the slaughter led,
And flew *Bienor* at his People's head:
Whose Squire *Oileus*, with a sudden spring,
Leap'd from the Chariot to revenge his King, 130
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, & stretch'd him on the ground:
Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain;
Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring Armour vain:
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky, 135
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two Sons of *Priam* next to Battel move,
The product one of Marriage, one of Love;

In the same Car the brother-Warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide; 140
Far other task! than when they wont to keep
On *Ida*'s tops, their Father's fleecy sheep.
These on the mountains once *Achilles* found,
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;
Then to their Sire for ample sums restor'd; 145
But now to perish by *Atrides'* sword:
Pierc'd in the breast the base-born *Iulus* bleeds;
Cleft thro' the head, his Brother's fate succeeds.
Swift to the spoil the hasty Victor falls,
And stript, their features to his Mind recalls. 150
The *Trojans* see the Youths untimely die,
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
So when a Lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on some grassy lare, the couching Fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws, 155
And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws;
The frightened Hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift thro' rustling thickets bursts her way;
All drown'd in sweat the panting Mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes. 160

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The Sons of false *Antimachus* were slain;
He, who for Bribes his faithless counsels sold,
And voted *Helen*'s stay, for *Paris*' gold.

Atrides mark'd as these their safety sought, 165
And flew the Children for the Father's fault;
Their headstrong Horse unable to restrain,
They shook with fear, and drop'd the filken rein;
Then in their Chariot, on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call. 170

BOOK X I. 59

Oh spare our youth , and for the life we owe ,
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow ;
Soon as hears , that not in battel slain ,
The *Grecian* Ships his captive Sons detain ,
Large heaps of brass in ransome shall be told , 175
And steel well-temper'd , and persuasive Gold .

These words , attended with a flood of tears ,
The Youths address'd to unrelenting ears :
The vengeful Monarch gave this stern reply ;
If from *Antimachus* ye spring ye die : 180
The daring wretch who once in Council stood
To shed *Ulysses'* and my Brother's blood ,
For proffer'd peace ! And sues his seed for grace ?
No , die , and pay the forfeit of your race .

This said , *Pisander* from the Car he cast , 185
And pierc'd his breast : supine he breath'd his last .
His Brother leap'd to earth ; but as he lay ,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away ;
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng ,
And rolling , drew a bloody trail along . 190
Then , where the thickest fought , the Victor flew ;
The King's example all his *Greeks* pursue .
Now by the Foot the flying Foot were slain ,
Horse trod by horse , lay foaming on the plain .
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise , 195
Shade the black Host , and intercept the skies .
The brass-hoof'd Steeds tumultuous plunge & bound ,
And the thick Thunder beats the lab'ring ground .
Still slaught'ring on , the King of Men proceeds ;
The distanc'd Army wonders at his deeds . 200
As when the Winds with raging Flames conspire ,
And o'er the Forests roll the flood of fire ,

In

60 HOMER's ILIAD,

In blazing heaps the Grove's old honours fall,
And one resplendent ruin levells all.

Before *Atrides*' rage so sinks the Foe, 205
Whole Squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.
The Steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
And many a Car, now lighted of its Lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls, 209
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the Warriors lives;
More grateful, now, to Vulturs than their Wives!

Perhaps great *Hector* then had found his fate,
But *Jove* and Destiny prolong'd his date. 214
Safe from the darts, the care of Heav'n he stood,
Amidst alarms, and deaths, and dust, and blood.

Now past the Tomb where ancient *Iulus* lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the Town.
As swift *Atrides*, with loud shouts pursu'd, 221
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the *Scæan* Gates,
The Hero halts, and his Associates waits.
Mean-while on ev'ry side, around the plain, 225
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the *Trojan* Train.
So flies a herd of Beeves, that hear dismay'd
The Lion's roaring thro' the mid-night shade;
On heaps they tumble with successless haste;
The Savage seizes, draws, and rends the last: 230
Not with less fury stern *Atrides* flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew;
Hurl'd from their Cars the bravest Chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now

Now storms the Victor at the *Trojan Wall*; 235
Surveys the Tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
But *Jove* descending shook th' *Idean* hills,
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled Light'ning in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd Maid bespoke. 240

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To God-like *Hector* this our word convey.
While *Agamemnon* wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, & bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but issue forth commands, 245
And trust the War to less important hands:
But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
That Chief shall mount his Chariot, and depart;
Then *Jove* shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
Then to her Ships shall flying *Greece* be press'd, 250
Till to the Main the burning Sun descend,
And sacred Night her awful shade extend.

He spoke, and *Iris* at his word obey'd;
On wings of Winds descends the various Maid.
The Chief she found amidst the ranks of war, 255
Close to the Bulwarks, on his glitt'ring Car.
The Goddess then: O Son of *Priam* hear!
From *Jove* I come, and his high mandate bear.
While *Agamemnon* wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, & bathes with blood the ground,
Abstain from fight; yet issue forth commands, 260
And trust the War to less important hands.
But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
The Chief shall mount his Chariot, and depart;
Then *Jove* shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,
Then to her Ships shall flying *Greece* be prest, 265
Till

Till to the Main the burning Sun descend,
And sacred Night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: *Hector*, with a bound,
Vaults from his Chariot on the trembling ground,
In clang ing Arms: He grasps in either hand 27
A pointed lance, and speeds from Band to Band;
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.

They stand to Arms: the *Greeks* their onset dare,
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the coming War.
New force, new spirit to each breast returns;
The Fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The King leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die. 280

Ye sacred Nine, Celestial Muses! tell,
Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell?
The great *Iphidamas*, the bold and young;
From sage *Antenor* and *Theano* sprung; 28
Whom from his youth his Grandfire *Ciffens* bred,
And nurs'd in *Thrace* where snowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early Honour warm his gen'rous breast,
When the kind Sire confign'd his Daughter's charms
(*Theano's Sister*) to his youthful arms. 290
But call'd by Glory to the Wars of *Troy*,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;
From his lov'd Bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer Country flies. 294
With twelve black Ships he reach'd *Percope's* strand,
Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,
Tow'ring in Arms, and braves the King of Kings.

Atridae

Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear;
The *Trojan* stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in Air. 300
Then near the corselet, at the Monarch's heart,
With all his strength the Youth directs his dart;
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, *Atrides* stands, 305
Till grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
At once, his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy Warrior lies,
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. 310
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!
Thy Country's Friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
No more the Youth shall join his Consort's side,
At once a Virgin, and at once a Bride!
No more with presents her embraces meet, 315
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
On whom his Passion, lavish of his store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud Victor bore his Arms away. 320
Coon, *Antenor*'s eldest hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the fight, came starting from his eye, [view'd,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd Youth he
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took, 325
Aim'd at the King, and near his elbow strook.
The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,
And thro' his arm stood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the Monarch feels, yet void of fear
On *Coon* rushes with his lifted spear: 330
His

64 HOMER's ILIAD,

His Brother's corps the pious *Trojan* draws,
And calls his country to assert his cause,
Defends him breathless on the smoaking field,
And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.

Atrides, marking an unguarded part, 333
Transfix'd the Warrior with his brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,
The Monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The social Shades the same dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below. 340

The vengeful Victor rages round the fields
With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
Whole ranks are broken, & whole Troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple Flood; 546
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
Less keen those darts the fierce *Ilythia* send,
(The Pow'rs that cause the teeming Matron's throes,
Sad Mothers of unutterable woes!) 351
Stung with the smart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts the ~~Car~~, and gives his Squire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng. 355

O Friends! O Greeks! assert your honours won;
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun:
Lo! angry *Jove* forbids your Chief to stay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said; the Driver whirls his lengthful thong; 360
The Horses fly, the Chariot smoaks along.
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce Courfers blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;

Shot

Shot thro' the battel in a moment's space ;
The wounded Monarch at his Tent they place. 365

No sooner *Hector* saw the King retir'd,

But thus his *Trojans* and his Aids he fir'd.

Hear all ye *Dardan*, all ye *Lycian* Race !

Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face ;

Now call to mind your ancient trophies won, 370

Your great Forefathers Virtues, and your own.

Behold, the Gen'ral flies ! deserts his Pow'r's !

Lo *Jove* himself declares the conquest ours !

Now on yon' ranks impell your foaming Steeds ;

And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds. 375

With words like these the fiery Chief alarms

His fainting Host, and ev'ry bosom warms.

As the bold Hunter chears his hounds to tear

The brindled Lion, or the tusky Bear, 379

With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,

And springs the foremost with his lifted dart :

So God-like *Hector* prompts his Troops to dare,

Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the War.

On the black body of the Foes he pours :

As from the cloud's deep bosom swell'd with show'rs

A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, 386

Drives the wild waves ; and tosses all the deeps.

Say Muse ! when *Jove* the Trojan's glory crown'd,

Beneath his arm what Heroes bit the ground ?

Ajax, *Dolops*, and *Antonous* dy'd, 390

Opites next was added to their side,

Then brave *Hipponous* fam'd in many a fight,

Opheltius, *Orus*, sunk to endless night,

Esymnus, *Agelaus*; all Chiefs of name ;

The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to Fame. 395

As when a western Whirlwind, charg'd with storms
Dispells the gather'd clouds that *Notus* forms;
The gust continu'd, violent, and strong,
Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the skies the foaming billows rears, 400
Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares.
Thus raging *Hector*, with resistless hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their Bands.
Now the last ruin the whole Host appalls;
Now *Greece* had trembled in her wooden Walls; 40;
But wife *Ulysses* call'd *Tydides* forth,
His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
Till *Hector*'s arm involve the Ships in flame?
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side. 410
The Warrior thus, and thus the Friend reply'd.

No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;
Let *Hector* come; I wait his fury here.
But *Jove* with conquest crowns the *Trojan* train;
And, *Jove* our Foe, all human force is vain. 41;

He figh'd; but fighing, rais'd his vengeful steel,
And from his Car the proud *Thymbraeus* fell:
Molion, the Charioteer, pursu'd his Lord,
His death ennobled by *Ulysses'* sword.
There slain, they left them in eternal night; 420
Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight.
So two wild Boars outstrip the foll'owing hounds,
Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern *Hector*'s conquests in the middle plain
Stood check'd a while, and *Greece* respire'd again.

The Sons of *Merops* shone amidst the war; 425
Tow'ring they rode in one resplendent Car:

In deep prophetic Arts their Father skill'd,
Had warn'd his Children from the *Trojan* field;
Late urg'd them on; the Father warn'd in vain,
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain! 430
Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms;
The stern *Tydides* strips their shining arms.

Hypirochus by great *Ulysses* dies,
And rich *Hippodamus* becomes his prize.
Great *Jove* from *Ide* with slaughter fills his flight, 435
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.

By *Tydeus'* lance *Agastrophus* was slain,
The far-fam'd Hero of *Paonian* strain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
His Steeds too distant, and the Foe too nigh; 440
Thro' broken orders, swifter than the wind,
He fled, but flying, left his life behind.

This *Hector* sees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverse the Files, and to the rescue flies;
Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend, 445
And moving Armies on his march attend.
Great *Diomed* himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his Brother of the War.

Mark how this way yon' bending Squadrons yield!
The storm rolls on, and *Hector* rules the field: 450
Here stand his utmost force---The Warrior said;
Swift at the word, his pondrous javelin fled;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of *Phœbus'* hands) 456
Without a wound the *Trojan* Hero stands;
But yet so stunn'd, that stag'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;

O'er his dim fight the misty vapours rise, 460
 And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
 While *Hector* rose, recover'd from the trance,
 Remounts his Car, and herds amidst the crowd;
 The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud. 465

Once more thank *Phæbus* for thy forfeit breath,
 Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
 Well by *Apollo* are thy pray'rs repaid,
 And oft' that partial Pow'r has lent his aid.
 Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,
 If any God affist *Tydides'* hand. 471
 Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
 Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* Ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, *Paris* ey'd from far,
 (The Spouse of *Helen*, the fair cause of War) 475
 Around the field his feather'd shafts he sent,
 From ancient *Ilius'* ruin'd Monument;
 Behind the Column plac'd, he bent his bow,
 And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary Foe;
 Just as he stoop'd, *Agastrophus*'s crest 480
 To seize, and draw the corselet from his breast.
 The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,
 But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
 The laughing *Trojan*, with a joyful spring
 Leaps from his ambush, and insults the King. 485

He bleeds! (he cries) some God has sped my dart;
 Would the same God had fixt it in his heart!
 So *Troy* reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand
 Shall breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand,
 Whose Sons now tremble at his darted spear, 490
 As scatter'd lambs the rushing Lion fear.

He,

BOOK XI.

6

He, dauntless, thus: Thou Conqu'ror of the Fair,
Thou Woman-warrior with the curling hair;
Vain Archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in Arms to act a manly part! 495
Thou hast but done what Boys or Women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incense a Man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A Coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel; 500
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel,
Where this but lights, some noble life expires,
Its touch makes Orphans, bathes the cheeks of Sires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves such objects as distract the Fair. 505

Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the Navy speeds.

Now on the Field *Ulysses* stands alone, 510
The *Greeks* all fled, the *Trojans* pouring on:
But stands collected in himself and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.
What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain?
What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain; 515
What danger, singly if I stand the ground,
My friends all scatter'd, all the Foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? Let this truth suffice;
The Brave meets danger, and the Coward flies:
To die, or conquer, proves a Hero's heart; 520
And knowing this, I know a Soldier's part.

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
Near, and more near, the shady Cohorts prest;

These, in the Warrior, their own fate inclose;
And round him deep the steely circle grows. 525
So fares a Boar, whom all the troop surrounds
Of shouting Huntsmen and of clam'rous Hounds;
He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;
His sanguine eyeballs glare with living fire;
By these, by those, on ev'ry part is ply'd; 530
And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side.
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder, first *Deiopis* fell;
Next *Ennomus* and *Thoön* sunk to Hell;
Chersidamas, beneath the navel thrust,
Supinely falls, and grasps the bloody dust. 535
Charops, the Son of *Hippasus*, was near;
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;
But to his aid his Brother *Socus* flies,
Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wise:
Near as he drew, the Warrior thus began. 540
O great *Ulysses*, much-enduring Man!
Not deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial flight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day, two Brothers shall thy conquest grace,
And end at once the great *Hippasian* Race, 545
Or thou beneath this lance must press the field —
He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield;
Thro' the strong brass the ringing javelin thrown,
Plow'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
By *Pallas'* care, the spear, tho' deep infix'd, 550
Stop'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.

The Wound not mortal wise *Ulysses* knew,
Then furious thus, (but first some steps withdrew.)
Unhappy Man! whose death our hand shall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy Race. 555

BOOK XI.

71

No longer check my conquests on the Foe ;
But pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go ,
And add one Spectre to the Realms below !

He spoke, while *Socus* feiz'd with sudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight, 560
Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its passage thro' the panting heart.
Wide in his breast appear'd the grizly wound ;
He falls ; his Armour rings against the ground.
Then thus *Ulysses*, gazing on the slain. 565

Fam'd Son of *Hippasus* ! there press the plain ;
There ends thy narrow span assign'd by Fate,
Heav'n owes *Ulysses* yet a longer date.
Ah wretch ! no Father shall thy corps compose,
Thy dying eyes no tender Mother close ; 570
But hungry birds shall tear those balls away ,
And hov'ring Vulturs scream around their prey.
Me *Greece* shall honour, when I meet my doom,
With solemn fun'rals and a lasting Tomb.

Then raging with intolerable smart, 575
He writhes his body , and extracts the dart.
The dart a tyde of spouting gore pursu'd,
And gladden'd *Troy* with fight of hostile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting Chief invade ,
Forc'd he recedes , and loudly calls for aid. 580
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears ;
The well-known voice thrice *Menelaus* hears :
Alarm'd , to *Ajax Telamon* he cry'd ,
Who shares his labours , and defends his fide.
O Friend ! *Ulysses*' shouts invade my ear : 585
Distress'd he seems , and no assistance near :

Strong as he is, yet one oppos'd to all;

Oppress'd by multitudes, the best my fall.

Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her Hosts despair,

And feel a loss not Ages can repair. 590

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;

Great Ajax, like the God of War, attends.

The prudent Chief in sore distress they found,

With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.

As when some huntsman with a flying spear, 595

From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;

Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distills,

He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:

Till life's warm vapour issuing thro' the wound,

Wild Mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround:

Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade, 605

The Lion rushes thro' the woodland shade,

The Wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away;

The lordly savage vindicates his prey.

Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains, 605

A single Warrior, half an Host sustains:

But soon as Ajax heaves his tow'r-like shield,

The scatter'd crowds fly frightened o'er the field;

Atrides' arm the sinking Hero stays,

And sav'd from numbers, to his Car conveys. 610

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;

And first Doryclus, Priam's Son, he flew:

On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,

And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.

As when a Torrent, swell'd with wintry rains, 615

Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,

And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,

A Country's ruins! to the seas are born:

Fierce

Fierce *Ajax* thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,
Men, Steeds, and Chariots, roll in heaps along. 620
But *Hector*, from this scene of slaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tyde of War:
Loud groans proclaim his progress thro' the plain,
And deep *Scamander* swells with heaps of slain.

There *Nestor* and *Idomeneus* oppose 625
The Warrior's fury; there the battel glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the Chariot's height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The Spouse of *Helen* dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd *Machaon* with a distant wound: 630
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,
And trembling *Greece* for her Physician fear'd.
To *Nestor* then *Idomeneus* begun;
Glory of *Greece*, old *Neleus'* valiant Son!
Ascend thy Chariot, haste with speed away, 635
And great *Machaon* to the Ships convey.
A wise Physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than Armies to the publick Weal.

Old *Nestor* mounts the seat: Beside him rode
The wounded Offspring of the healing God. 640
He lends the lash: the Steeds with sounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'r'd the Fleet.

But now *Cebriones*, from *Hector*'s Car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the War.
While here (he cry'd) the flying *Greeks* are slain; 645
Trojans on *Trojans* yonder load the plain.
Before great *Ajax*, see the mingled throng
Of Men and Chariots driv'n in heaps along!
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the sev'nfold shield. 650

74 HOMER's ILIAD,

Thither, O *Hector*, thither urge thy Steeds;
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
There Horse and Foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.
Thus having spoke, the Drivers' lash resounds; 655
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid Chariot bounds;
Stung by the stroke, the Coursers scour the fields
O'er Heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.
The Horses hoofs are bath'd in Heroes gore,
And dashing purple all the Car before, 660
The groaning axle fable drops distills,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here *Hector* plunging thro' the thickest fight
Broke the dark *Phalanx*, and let in the light.
(By the long lance, the sword, or pondrous stone, 665
The ranks lie scatter'd, and the Troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he shuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm whose force he felt so late.
But partial *Jove*, espousing *Hector*'s part,
Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart; 670
Confus'd, unnerv'd in *Hector*'s presence grown,
Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.
Thus the grim Lion his retreat maintains, 675
Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting Swains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
Tho' rage impells him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile fires;
Then sow'rly slow th' indignant beast retires. 680
So turn'd stern *Ajax*, by whole Hosts repell'd,
While his fwlon heart at ev'ry step rebell'd.

As

As the slow beast with heavy strength indu'd,
In some wide field by troops of Boys pursu'd,
Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain, 685
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last. 690
On *Ajax* thus a weight of *Trojans* hung,
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly, 695
And threatens his Followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring Pow'r's,
While hissing darts descend in iron show'r's:
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood; 700
And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain,
Drinks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
But bold *Eurypylus* his aid imparts,
And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;
Whose eager javelin launch'd against the Foe, 705
Great *Apisaon* felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his slack knees desert their dying load.
The Victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From *Paris'* bow a vengeful arrow fled. 710
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the Lines the wounded *Greek* retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his Associates fir'd.

What

76 HOMER's ILIAD;

What God, O Grecians ! has your hearts dismay'd ?

Oh , turn to Arms ; 'tis *Ajax* claims your aid. 716

This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage ,

And this the last brave Battel he shall wage :

Haste , join your forces ; from the gloomy grave

The Warrior rescue , and your Country save. 720

Thus urg'd the Chief ; a gen'rous Troop appears ,
Who spread their bucklers , and advance their spears ,
To guard their wounded Friend : While thus they stand
With pious care , great *Ajax* joins the Band :
Each takes new courage at the Hero's fight ; 725
The Hero rallies , and renews the Fight .

Thus rag'd both Armies like conflicting fires ,
While *Nestor*'s Chariot far from fight retires :
His Courser steep'd in sweat , and stain'd with gore ,
The Greeks preserver , great *Machaon* bore . 730
That hour , *Achilles* from the topmost height
Of his proud Fleet , o'erlook'd the fields of fight ;
His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout , the flaying , and the slain ,
His Friend *Machaon* singled from the rest , 735
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast .
Strait to *Manetius*' much-lov'd Son he sent ;
Graceful as *Mars* , *Patroclus* quits his Tent ,
(In evil hour ! Then Fate decreed his doom ;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come !) 740

Why calls my Friend ? thy lov'd Injunctions lay ,
Whate'er thy will , *Patroclus* shall obey .

O first of Friends ! (*Pelides* thus reply'd)

Still at my heart , and ever at my side !

The time is come , when yon' despairing Host 745
Shall learn the value of the Man they lost :

Now

Now at my knees the *Greeks* shall pour their moan,
And proud *Atrides* tremble on his throne.
Go now to *Nestor*, and from him be taught
What wounded Warrior late his Chariot brought? 750
For seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His form recall'd *Machaon* to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon' cloud, discern his face,
The Courfers past me with so swift a pace.

The Hero said. His Friend obey'd with haste, 755
Thro' intermingled Ships and Tents, he paft;
The Chiefs descending from their Car he found;
The panting Steeds *Eurymedon* unbound.
The Warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore, 760
Here paus'd a moment; while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady Tent.
The draught prescrib'd, fair *Hecamede* prepares, 765
Arfinous' Daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal Slave,
Greece, as the prize of *Nestor*'s wisdom, gave)
A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd: 770
Honey new-pres'd, the sacred flow'r of wheat,
And wholesome garlick crown'd the fav'ry treat.
Next her white hand an antique Goblet brings,
A Goblet sacred to the *Pylian* Kings,
From eldest times: emboss'd with studs of Gold, 775
Two feet support it, and four handles hold;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In sculptur'd gold two Turtles seem to drink:

A massy weight; yet heav'd with ease by him,
When the brisk Nectar overlook'd the brim. 780
Temper'd in this, the Nymph of form divine
Pours a large potion of the *Pramnian* wine;
With goat's-milk cheese a flav'rous taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
This for the wounded Prince the Dame prepares; 785
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend *Nestor* shares:
Salubrious draughts the Warrior's thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Mean time *Patroclus*, by *Achilles* sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the Tent. 790
Old *Nestor* rising then, the Hero led
To his high seat; the Chief refus'd, and said.

'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great *Achilles* with impatience stays.
To great *Achilles* this respect I owe; 795
Who asks what Hero, wounded by the Foe,
Was born from combat by thy foaming Steeds?
With grief I see the great *Machaon* bleeds.
This to report, my hasty course I bend;
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my Friend. 800

Can then the Sons of *Greece* (the Sage rejoin'd)
Excite compassion in *Achilles'* mind?
Seeks he the sorrows of our Host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.
Tell him, not great *Machaon* bleeds alone, 805
Our bravest Heroes in the Navy groan,
Ulysses, *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
And stern *Eurypylus*, already bleed.
But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain?
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain; 810
Ev'n

BOOK XI.

79

Ev'n till the flames consume our Fleet, he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after Chief the raging Foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
Now the slow course of all-impairing Time 815
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
When this bold Arm th' *Epeian* Pow'r's oppress'd,
The Bulls of *Elis* in glad triumph led,
And stretch'd the great *Itymoneus* dead ! 820
Then from my fury fled the trembling Swains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of Swine,
As many Goats, as many lowing Kine;
And thrice the number of unrival'd Steeds, 825
All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.
These, as my first essay of Arms, I won;
Old Neleus glory'd in his conqu'ring Son.
Thus *Elis* forc'd, her long arr'ears restor'd,
And shares were parted to each *Pylan* Lord. 830
The State of *Pyle* was funk to last despair,
When the proud *Elians* first commenc'd the War.
For *Neleus'* Sons *Alcides'* rage had slain;
Of twelve bold Brothers, I alone remain!
Oppress'd, we arm'd; & now, this Conquest gain'd, 835
My Sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.
(That large reprizal he might justly claim,
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,
When *Elis'* Monarch in the publick Course
Detain'd his Chariot and victorious Horse.) 840
The rest the People shar'd; my self survey'd
The just partition, and due victims pay'd.

Three

80 HOMER's ILIAD,

Three days were past, when *Elis* rose to War;
 With many a Courser, and with many a Car;
 The Sons of *Aetor* at their Army's head 845
 (Young as they were) the vengeful Squadrons led.
 High on a Rock fair *Thryoëssa* stands,
 Our utmost frontier on the *Pylian* lands;
 Not far the streams of fam'd *Alpheus* flow;
 The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their Tents below.
Pallas, descending in the shades of night, 851
 Alarms the *Pylians*, and commands the fight.
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;
 My self the foremost; but my Sire deny'd;
 Fear'd for my youth expos'd to stern alarms; 855
 And stopp'd my Chariot, and detain'd my Arms.
 My Sire deny'd in vain: On foot I fled
 Amidst our Chariots: For the Goddess led.

Along fair *Arenè*'s delightful plain,
 Soft *Minyas* rolls his waters to the main. 860
 There, Horse and Foot, the *Pylian* Troops unite,
 And sheath'd in Arms, expect the dawning light.
 Thence, e'er the Sun advanc'd his noonday flame,
 To great *Alpheus'* sacred source we came.
 There first to *Jove* our solemn rites were paid; 865
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid,
 A Bull *Alpheus*; and a Bull was slain
 To the blue Monarch of the wat'ry Main.
 In Arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
 While round the Town the fierce *Epeians* stood. 870
 Soon as the Sun, with all-revealing ray,
 Flam'd in the front of Heav'n, and gave the day;
 Bright scenes of Arms, and works of War appear;
 The Nations meet; there *Pylos*, *Elis* here.

The

The first who fell, beneath my Javelin bled; 875

King *Augias'* Son, and Spouse of *Agamede*:

(She that all simple's healing virtues knew,

And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)

I seiz'd his Car, the Van of Battel led;

Th' *Epeians* saw, they trembled, and they fled. 880

The Foe dispers'd, their bravest Warrior kill'd,

Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field:

Full fifty captive Chariots grac'd my train;

Two Chiefs from each, fell breathless to the plain.

Then *Aetor*'s Sons had dy'd, but *Neptune* shrouds 885

The youthful Heroes in a veil of clouds.

O'er heap'y shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,

Collecting spoils, and slaughr'ing all along,

Thro' wide *Buprasian* fields we forc'd the Foes,

Where o'er the vales th' *Olenian* Rocks arose; } 890

Till *Pallas* stopp'd us where *Alisium* flows.

Ev'n there, the hindmost of their rear I slay,

And the same arm that led, concludes the day;

Then back to *Pyle* triumphant take my way.

There to high *Jove* were publick thanks assignd 895

As first of Gods, to *Nestor*, of Mankind.

Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;

So prov'd my valour for my Country's good.

Achilles with unactive fury glows,

And gives to passion what to *Greece* he owes. 900

How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade

Her Host shall sink, nor his the pow'r to aid?

O Friend! my memory recalls the day,

When gath'ring aids along the *Grecian* sea,

I, and *Ulysses*, touch'd at *Pthia*'s Port, 905

And enter'd *Peleus'* hospitable Court.

82 HOMER's ILIAD,

A Bull to *Jove* he slew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thy self, *Achilles*, and thy rev'rend Sire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire. 910
Achilles sees us, to the Feast invites;
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
Urg'd you to Arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient Fathers gen'rous precepts gave; 915
Peleus said only this, — "My Son! be brave.
Menœtius thus; " Tho' great *Achilles* shine
" In strength superior, and of Race divine,
" Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
" Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy Friend. 920
Thus spoke your Father at *Thessalia*'s Court;
Words now forgot, tho' now of vast import.
Ah! try the utmost that a Friend can say,
Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;
Some fav'ring God *Achilles*' heart may move; 925
Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If some dire Oracle his breast alarm,
If ought from Heav'n with-hold his saving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may shine,
If thou but lead the *Myrmidonian* line; 930
Clad in *Achilles*' Arms, if thou appear,
Proud *Troy* may tremble, and desist from War;
Press'd by fresh Forces her o'er-labour'd train
Shall seek their Walls, and *Greece* respire again.

This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the Tent
Along the shore with hasty strides he went; 935
Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,
The public Mart and Courts of Justice stand,

Where

- Where the tall Fleet of great *Ulysses* lies,
And Altars to the guardian Gods arise: 940
There sad he met the brave *Eva'mor's* Son,
Large painful drops from all his members run,
An Arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart; 945
Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart.
Divine compassion touch'd *Patroclus'* breast,
Who sighing, thus his bleeding Friend address.
Ah hapless Leaders of the *Grecian* Host!
Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous coast? 950
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your Friends, and from your native shore!
Say, great *Eurypylus*! shall *Greece* yet stand?
Resists she yet the raging *Hector's* hand?
Or are her Heroes doom'd to die with shame, 955
And this the period of our wars and fame?
Eurypylus replies: No more (my Friend)
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the Ships victorious *Troy* pursues,
Her force encreasing, as her toil renew. 960
Those Chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds and bleeding in the Fleet.
But thou, *Patroclus*! act a friendly part,
Lead to my Ships, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water wash the gore away, 965
With healing balms the raging smart allay,
Such as sage *Chiron*, Sire of *Pharmacy*,
Once taught *Achilles*, and *Achilles* thee.
Of two fam'd Surgeons, *Podalirius* stands
This hour surrounded by the *Trojan* Bands; 970
F 2
And

And great *Machaon*, wounded in his Tent,
Now wants that succour which so oft' he lent.

To him the Chief. What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by *Achilles'* great command I fly, 975
And bear with haste the *Pylian* King's reply:
But thy distress this instant claims relief.
He said, and in his arms upheld the Chief.
The Slaves their Master's slow approach survey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd: 980
There stretch'd at length the wounded Hero lay,
Patroclus cut the fork'y steel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he wash'd, the styptick juice infus'd.
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow, 985
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.





T H E
T W E L F T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Battel at the Grecian Wall.

THE Greeks being retir'd into their Entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the Ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their Chariots, and manage the attack on Foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their Army into five bodies of Foot, begin the Assault. But upon the signal of an Eagle with a Serpent in his talons, which appear'd on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the Attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the Wall; Hector also casting a stone of a vast size,

forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his Troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their Ships.

While thus the Hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and *Greeks* with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the Trench or lofty Walls oppose; 5
With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;
Their Pow'r's neglected and no Victim slain,
The Walls were rais'd, the Trenches funk in vain.

Without the Gods, how short a period stands
The proudest Monument of mortal hands! 10
This stood, while *Hector* and *Achilles* rag'd,
While sacred *Troy* the warring Hosts engag'd;
But when her Sons were slain, her City burn'd,
And what surviv'd of *Greece* to *Greece* return'd;
Then *Neptune* and *Apollo* shook the shore, 15
Then *Ida*'s summits pour'd their wat'ry store;
Rhesus and *Rhodius* then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,
Aesepus, *Granicus*, with mingled force,
And *Zanthus* foaming from his fruitful source; 20
And gulphy *Simois*, rolling to the Main
Helmets, and shields, and God-like Heroes slain:
These, turn'd by *Phœbus* from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the Rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall, 25
And to the Sea the floating Bulwarks fall.
Incessant cataracts the Thund'rer pours,
And half the skies descend in sluicy show'rs.

The God of Ocean, marching stern before, 29
 With his huge Trident wounds the trembling shore,
 Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
 And whelms the smoaky ruin in the waves.
 Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
 No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
 In their old bounds the Rivers roll again, 35
 Shine 'twixt the Hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the Gods in later times perform;
 As yet the Bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;
 The strokes yet echo'd of contending Pow'rs;
 War thunder'd at the gates, & blood distain'd the tow'rs.
 Smote by the arm of *Jove*, with dire dismay, 41
 Close by their hollow Ships the *Grecians* lay;
Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear.
 And *Hector's* fury ev'ry moment fear.
 He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng, 45
 Mingled the Troops, and drove the field along.
 So 'midst the Dogs and Hunter's daring bands,
 Fierce of his might, a Boar or Lion stands;
 Arm'd Foes around a dreadful circle form,
 And hissing javelins rain an iron storm: 50
 His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,
 And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
 He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
 And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
 With equal rage encompass'd *Hector* glows; 55
 Exhorts his Armies, and the Trenches shows.
 The panting Steeds impatient fury breathe,
 But snort and tremble at the gulph beneath;
 Just on the brink, they neigh, and paw the ground,
 And the turf trembles, and the skies resound. 60

88 HOMER's ILIAD;

Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep;
 Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
 The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)
 And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
 The Foot alone this strong defence could force, 65
 And try the pass impervious to the Horse.
 This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
 Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

Oh thou! brave Leader of our Trojan Bands,
 And you, confed'rate Chiefs from foreign lands! 70
 What entrance here can cumb'rous Chariots find,
 The stakes beneath, the Grecian Walls behind:
 No pass thro' those, without a thousand wounds,
 No space for combat in yon' narrow bounds.
 Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown, 75
 On certain dangers we too rashly run:
 If 'tis his will our haughty Foes to tame,
 Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!
 Here, far from Argos, let their Heroes fall,
 And one great day destroy, and bury all! 80
 But should they turn, and here oppress our Train,
 What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
 Wedg'd in the Trench, by our own Troops confus'd,
 In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd,
 All Troy must perish, if their Arms prevail, 85
 Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
 Hear then ye Warriors! and obey with speed;
 Back from the Trenches let your Steeds be led;
 Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
 Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way. 90
 So Greece shall stoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
 And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.

This

This counsel pleas'd : the god-like *Hector* sprung
Swift from his seat ; his clanging Armour rung.
The Chief's example follow'd by his Train , 95
Each quits his Car , and issues on the plain.
By orders strict the Charioteers enjoin'd ,
Compell the Coursers to their Ranks behind.
The Forces part in five distinguish'd Bands ,
And all obey their sev'ral Chief's commands. 100
The best and bravest in the first conspire ,
Pant for the Fight , and threat the Fleet with fire :
Great *Hector* glories in the van of these ,
Polydamas , and brave *Cebriones*.
Before the next the graceful *Paris* shines , 105
And bold *Alcaethous* , and *Agenor* joins.
The Sons of *Priam* with the third appear ,
Deiphobus , and *Helenus* the Seer :
In Arms with these the mighty *Asius* stood ,
Who drew from *Hyrtacus* his noble blood , 110
And whom *Arisba*'s yellow Coursers bore ,
The Coursers fed on *Selle*'s winding shore .
Antenor's Sons the fourth Battalion guide ,
And great *Eneas* , born on fount-full *Ide*.
Divine *Sarpedon* the last Band obey'd , 115
Whom *Glaucus* and *Asteropaeus* aid ,
Next him , the bravest at their Army's head ,
But he more brave than all the Hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields , in close array ,
The moving Legions speed their headlong way : 120
Already in their hopes they fire the Fleet ,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.

While ev'ry Trojan thus , and ev'ry aid ,
Th' advice of wise *Polydamas* obey'd ;

Ajus alone, confiding in his Car, 125
His vaunted Coursers urg'd to meet the War.
Unhappy Hero! and advis'd in vain!
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain;
No more those Coursers with triumphant joy
Restore their Master to the gates of *Troy!* 130
Black Death attends behind the *Grecian* Wall,
And great *Idomeneus* shall boast thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying *Grecians* strove their Ships to gain;
Swift thro' the Wall their Horse and Chariots past,
The Gates half-open'd to receive the last. 136
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
His following Host with clamours rend the skies:
To plunge the *Grecians* headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!
To guard the Gates, two mighty Chiefs attend, 141
Who from the *Lapiths* warlike Race descend;
This *Polypates*, great *Perithous'* Heir,
And that *Leonteus*, like the God of War.
As two tall Oaks, before the Wall they rise; 145
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies,
Whose spreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm. 150
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
Of raging *Ajus*, and his furious Band.
Orestes, *Acamas* in front appear,
And *Oenomaus* and *Thoön* close the rear;
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields, 155
In vain around them beat their hollow shields;

The

BOOK XII.

91

The fearless Brothers on the *Grecians* call,
To guard their Navies, and defend the Wall.
Ev'n when they saw *Troy*'s fable Troops impend,
And *Greece* tumultuous from her Tow'rs descend, 160
Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the War.
So two wild Boars spring furious from their den,
Rouz'd with the cries of Dogs, and voice of Men;
On ev'ry side the crackling trees they tear, 165
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling javelins fung;
With sounding strokes their brazen Targets rung: 170
Fierce was the fight, while yet the *Grecian* Pow'rs
Maintain'd the Walls and mann'd the lofty Tow'rs:
To save their Fleet the last Efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp *Boreas* blows abroad, and brings
The dreary Winter on his frozen wings; 176
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below.
So fast the darts on either Army pour,
So down the Rampires rolls the rocky show'r; 180
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf Echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantic *Afus* thus accuses Heav'n.
In Pow'rs immortal who shall now believe? 185
Can those too flatter, and can *Jove* deceive?
What Man could doubt but *Troy*'s victorious pow'r?
Should humble *Greece*, and this her fatal hour?

But

But look how Wasps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive, 190
Dark'ning the rock, while with unwearied wings
They strike th' Assailants, and infix their stings;
A Race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce, these *Greeks* their last retreats defend.
Gods! shall two Warriors only guard their Gates, 195
Repell an Army, and defraud the Fates?

These empty accents mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great *Jove*'s unalterable mind;
To God-like *Hector* and his matchless might
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight. 200
Like deeds of Arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
And all the Gates sustain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long Walls the stony shov'r's were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flash of Arms appear'd.
The Spirit of a God my breast inspire, 205
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
While *Greece* unconquer'd kept alive the War,
Secure of Death, confiding in Despair;
And all her guardian Gods in deep dismay,
With unassisting Arms deplor'd the day. 210

Ev'n yet the dauntless *Lapithae* maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
First *Damasus*, by *Polypœtes*' steel,
Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore; 215
The Warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
Next *Ormenus* and *Pylon* yield their breath:
Nor less *Leonteus* strows the field with death;
First thro' the belt *Hippomachus* he goar'd,
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword; 220

BOOK XII.

93

Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke ;
The faulchion strook , and Fate pursu'd the stroke;
Iamenus, *Orestes*, *Menon* bled ;
And round him rose a Monument of dead.

Mean-time the bravest of the *Trojan* crew 225

Bold *Hector* and *Polydamas* pursue ;
Fierce with impatience on the Works to fall ,
And wrap in rowling flames the Fleet and Wall.
These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd ,
By Heav'n alarm'd , by Prodigies amaz'd : 230

A signal omen stopp'd the passing Host ,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's Bird on sounding pinions beat the skies ;
A bleeding Serpent , of enormous size ,
His talons truss'd ; alive , and curling round , 235
He stung the Bird , whose throat receiv'd the wound :
Mad with the smart , he drops the fatal prey ,
In airy circles wings his painful way ,
Floats on the winds , & rends the heav'ns with cries :
Amidst the Host the fallen Serpent lies : 240
They , pale with terror , mark its spires unroll'd ,
And *Jove's* portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first *Polydamas* the silence broke ,
Long weigh'd the signal , and to *Hector* spoke.

How oft , my Brother , thy reproach I bear , 245
For words well meant , and sentiments sincere ?
True to those counsels which I judge the best ,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thought , is ev'ry freeman's right ,
In Peace and War , in Council , and in Fight ; 250
And all I move , deferring to thy sway ,
But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey .

Then

Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain :
Seek not, this day, the *Grecian* Ships to gain ;
For sure to warn us *Jove* his omen sent, 255
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor *Eagle*, whose sinister flight
Retards our Host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies ,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize ; 260
Thus tho' we gird with fires the *Grecian* Fleet ,
Tho' these proud Bulwarks tumble at our feet ,
Toils unforeseen , and fiercer , are decreed :
More woes shall follow , and more Heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul , and bids me thus advise ; 265
For thus a skiful Seer would read the skies.

To him then *Hector* with disdain return'd ;
(Fierce as he spoke , his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue ?
Thy will is partial , not thy reason wrong : 270
Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent ,
Sure Heav'n resumes the little sense it lent .
What coward counsels would thy madness move ,
Against the word , the will reveal'd of *Jove* ?
The leading sign , th' irrevocable Nod , 275
And happy Thunders of the fav'ring God ;
These shall I slight ? and guide my wav'ring mind
By wand'ring birds , that flit with ev'ry wind ?
Ye vagrants of the sky ! your wings extend ,
Or where the Suns arise , or where descend ; 280
To right , to left , unheeded take your way ,
While I the Dictates of high Heav'n obey .
Without a sign , his sword the brave Man draws ,
And asks no omen but his Country's cause .

But why should'it thou suspect the War's success? 285
None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
Tho' all our Chiefs amid yon' Ships expire,
Trust thy own cowardice to 'scape their fire.
Troy and her Sons may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou can't live, for thou can't be a slave. 290
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
Spread their cold poison thro' our Soldier's breasts,
My javelin can revenge so base a part,
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he spoke, and rushing to the Wall, 295
Calls on his Host; his Host obey the call;
With ardour follow where their Leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
Jove breaths a Whirlwind from the hills of *Ide*;
And drifts of dust the clouded Navy hide: 300
He fills the *Greeks* with terror and dismay,
And gives great *Hector* the predestin'd day.
Strong in themselves, but stronger in his aid,
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
In vain the Mounds and massy Beams defend, 305
While these they undermine, and those they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruins fall.
Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms;
The crowded Bulwarks blaze with waving arms, 310
Shield touching shield, a long-refulgent row;
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold *Ajaces* fly from Tow'r to Tow'r,
And rouze, with flame divine, the *Grecian* Pow'r.
The gen'rous impulse ev'ry *Greek* obeys; 315
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praise.

Fcl-

Fellows in Arms! whose deeds are known to Fame;
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part! 320
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge those who stand, and those who faint excite;
Drown *Hector's* vaunts in loud exorts of fight;
Conquest, not safety fill the thoughts of all; 325
Seek not your Fleet, but sally from the Wall;
So *Jove* once more may drive their routed train,
And *Troy* lie trembling in her Walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the *Grecian Pow'rs*;
And now the stones descend in heavier show'rs. 330
As when high *Jove* his sharp Artill'ry forms,
And opes his cloudy Magazine of storms;
In Winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep; 335
Then pours the silent tempest, thick, and deep:
And first the mountain tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of Men:
The circling Seas alone absorbing all, 341
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus God-like *Hector* and his Troops contend 345
To force the Ramparts, and the Gates to rend;
Nor *Troy* could conquer, nor the *Greeks* would yield,
Till great *Sarpedon* tow'r'd amid the field;

For

For mighty *Jove* inspir'd with martial flame
His matchless Son, and urg'd him on to fame. 350
In Arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:
And while two pointed javelins arm his hands, 355
Majestick moves along, and leads his *Lycian* Bands.

So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Descends a Lion on the flocks below;
So stalks the lordly Savage o'er the plain,
In fullen majesty, and stern disdain: 360
In vain loud mastives bay him from afar,
And Shepherds gaul him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine *Sarpedon* glows 365
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the Foes.
He views the Tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring Wall;
Then casting on his Friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke. 370

Why boast we, *Glaucus*! our extended Reign,
Where *Xanthus'* streams enrich the *Lycian* plain,
Our num'rous Herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer Nectar crown'd, 375
Our Feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?
Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admir'd as Heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bount'ous Pow'r's above. 380

'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place.
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial Bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign State, 385
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!
 Could all our care elude the gloomy Grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to War. 390
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and Death's inexorable doom;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
 Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live, 395
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

He said; his words the list'ning Chief inspire
 With equal warmth, and rouze the Warrior's fire;
 The Troops pursue their Leaders with delight,
 Rush to the Foe, and claim the promis'd fight. 400
Meneleus from on high the storm beheld,
 Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;
 Around the Walls he gaz'd, to view from far
 What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching War,
 And saw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* stood, 405
 Of fight infatiate, prodigal of blood.
 In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
 Rings to the skies, and ecchos thro' the fields,
 The brazen hinges fly, the Walls resound, [Ground-
 Heav'n trembles, roar the Mountains, thunders all the
 Then thus to *Thoos*;--hence with speed,(he said) 411
 And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our aid;

Their

BOOK XII.

99

Their strength , united , best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their course , 415
The best and bravest of the hostile force .
But if too fiercely there the Foes contend ,
Let *Telamon* , at least , our Tow'rs defend ;
And *Teucer* haste with his unerring bow ,
To share the danger , and repell the Foe . 420

Swift as the word , the Herald speeds along
The lofty Ramparts , through the martial throng ;
And finds the Heroes , bath'd in sweat and gore ,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore .
Ye valiant Leaders of our warlike Bands ! 425
Your aid (said *Thoos*) *Peteus*' Son demands ,
Your strength , united , best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
Thither the *Lycian* Princes bend their course ,
The best and bravest of the hostile force . 430
But if too fiercely , here , the Foes contend ,
At least , let *Telamon* those Tow'rs defend ;
And *Teucer* haste , with his unerring bow ,
To share the danger , and repell the Foe .

' Strait to the Fort great *Ajax* turn'd his care , 435
And thus bespoke his Brothers of the War .
Now valiant *Lycomede* ! exert your might ,
And brave *Oileus* , prove your force in fight :
To you I trust the fortune of the field ,
Till by this arm the Foe shall be repell'd ; 440
That done , expect me to compleat the day ---
Then , with his sev'nfold shield , ' he strode away .
With equal steps bold *Teucer* press'd the shore ,
Whose fatal bow the strong *Pandion* bore .

High on the Walls appear'd the *Lycian Pow'rs*, 445
 Like some black tempest gath'ring round the Tow'rs;
 The *Greeks*, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
 Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
 The War renew'd, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
 Tumultuous clamour mounts, & thickens in the skies.
 Fierce *Ajax* first th' advancing Host invades, 451
 And sends the brave *Epicles* to the Shades;
Sarpedon's Friend; A-cross the Warrior's way,
 Rent from the Walls a rocky fragment lay;
 In modern Ages not the strongest Swain 455
 Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
 He poiz'd, and swung it round; then toss'd on high,
 It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
 Full on the *Lycian*'s helmet thund'ring down,
 The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown. 460
 As skilful Divers, from some airy steep,
 Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
 So falls *Epicles*; then in groans expires,
 And murmur'ing to the Shades the soul retires.

While to the Ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew, 465
 From *Teucer*'s hand a winged arrow flew;
 The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
 And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
 The Chief, who fear'd some Foe's insulting boast
 Might stop the progress of his warlike Host, 470
 Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
 Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
 Divine *Sarpedon* with regret beheld
 Disabled *Glaucus* slowly quit the field;
 His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows, 475
 He springs to fight, and flies upon the Foes.

Alcmæon

BOOK XII. 101

Alcmaeon first was doom'd his force to feel;
 Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
 Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
 The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore; 480
 Down sinks the Warrior with a thund'ring sound,
 His brazen Armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the Victor flies,
 Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;
 It shakes; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield; 485
 The rowling ruins smoak along the field.
 A mighty breach appears; the Walls lie bare;
 And, like a deluge, rushes in the War.
 At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging bow,
 And *Ajax* sends his javelin at the Foe; 490
 Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
 And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
 But *Jove* was present in the dire debate,
 To shield his Off-spring, and avert his Fate.
 The Prince gave back, not meditating flight 495
 But urging vengeance, and severer fight;
 Then rais'd with hopes, & fir'd with Glory's charms,
 His fainting Squadrons to new fury warms.
 O where, ye *Lycians*! is the strength you boast?
 Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost! 500
 The Breach lies open, but your Chief in vain
 Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:
 Unite, and soon that hostile Fleet shall fall;
 The force of pow'rful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* crew, 505
 They join, they thicken, and th' Assault renew;
 Unmov'd th' embody'd *Greeks* their fury dare,
 And fix'd support the weight of all the War:

102 HOMER's ILIAD,

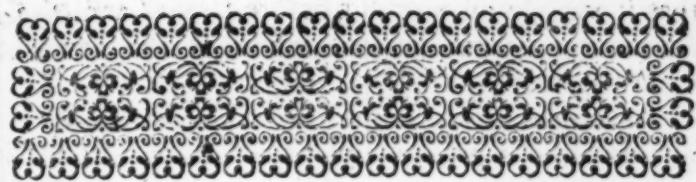
Nor could the *Greeks* repell the *Lycian* Pow'rs;
 Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* Tow'rs. 510
 As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
 Two stubborn Swains with blows dispute their bounds;
 They tugg, they sweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
 One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
 Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall; 515
 Nor these can keep, nor those can win the Wall.
 Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
 Loud strokes are heard, and ratling Arms resound,
 The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
 And the high Ramparts drop with human gore. 520

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
 From side to side the trembling balance nods,
 (While some laborious Matron, just and poor,
 With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
 Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends 525
 Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends.
 So stood the War, till *Hector's* matchless might
 With Fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
 Fierce as a Whirlwind up the Walls he flies,
 And fires his Host with loud repeated cries. 530
 Advance ye *Trojans*! lend your valiant hands,
 Hast to the Fleet, and toss the blazing brands!
 They hear, they run, and gath'ring at his call,
 Raise scaling engines, and ascend the Wall:
 Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears 535
 Shoots up, and all the rising Host appears.
 A pond'rous stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
 Not two strong Men th' enormous weight could raise,
 Such Men as live in these degen'rate days. 540
 Yet

Yet this, as easy as a Swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:
For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded Gates he came, 545
Of massy substance and stupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung.
Then thund'ring thro' the planks, with forceful sway,
Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way, 550
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in the furious Chief appears,
Gloomy as Night! and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright Armour came, 555
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame;
He moves a God, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after thro' the gaping space,
A tyde of *Trojans* flows and fills the place; 560
The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with death, & tumult rends the sky;



2 AP 57



OBSERVATIONS ON THE NINTH BOOK.

I.



E have here a new scene of action open'd; the Poet has hitherto given us an account of what happened by day only: the two following Books relate the adventures of the night.

It may be thought that *Homer* has crowded a great many actions into a very short time. In the ninth Book a Council is conven'd, an Embassy sent, a considerable time passes in the speeches and replies of the Embassadors and *Achilles*: In the tenth Book a second Council is call'd, after this a debate is held, *Dolon* is intercepted, *Diomed* and *Ulysses* enter into the Enemy's Camp, kill *Rhesus*, and bring away his Horses: And all this is done in the narrow compass of one night.

It must therefore be remember'd that the ninth Book takes up the first part of the night only; that after the first Council was dissolv'd, there pass'd some time before the second was summon'd, as appears by the Leaders being awakenered by *Menelaus*. So

2 OBSERVATIONS on

that it was almost morning before *Diomed* and *Ulysses* set out upon their design, which is very evident from the words of *Ulysses*, Book 10. v. 251.

'Αλλ' ιούσα, μάλα γαρ νέξ αἰνιας, ιγγόδις δ' ηώς.
So that altho' a great many incidents are introduc'd, yet every thing might easily have been perform'd in the allotted time.

I I.

VERSE 7. *From Thracia's shore.*] Homer has been suppos'd by Eratosthenes and others, to have been guilty of an error, in saying that *Zephyrus* or the west wind blows from *Thrace*, whereas in truth it blows toward it. But the Poet speaks so either because it is fabled to be the rendezvous of all the Winds; or with respect to the particular situation of *Troy* and the *Aegean* sea. Either of these replies are sufficient to solve that objection.

The particular parts of this comparison agree admirably with the design of Homer, to express the distraction of the Greeks, the two winds representing the different opinions of the Armies, one part of which were inclin'd to return, the other to stay. *Eustathius.*

I I I.

VERSE 15. *But bid in whispers.*] The reason why *Agamemnon* commands his Heralds to summon the Leaders in silence, is for fear the Enemy should discover their consternation, by reason of their nearness, or perceive what their designs were in this extremity. *Eustathius.*

I V.

VERSE 23. *Agamemnon's Speech.*] The Criticks are divided in their opinion whether this Speech, which is word for word the same with that he makes in Lib. 2. be only a feint to try the Army, as

the NINTH BOOK.

3

it is there, or the real sentiments of the General. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* explains it as the former, with whom Madam *Dacier* concurs; she thinks they must be both counterfeit, because they are both the same, and believes *Homer* would have varied them, had the design been different. She takes no notice that *Eustathius* is of the contrary opinion; as is also Monsieur *de la Motte*, who argues as if he had read him. “ *Agamemnon* (says he) in the second Iliad “ thought himself assured of victory from the dream “ which *Jupiter* had sent to him, and in that con-“ fidence was desirous to bring the *Greeks* to a Bat-“ tel: But in the ninth Book his circumstances are “ changed, he is in the utmost distress and despair “ upon his defeat, and therefore his proposal to “ raise the Siege is in all probability sincere. If “ *Homer* had intended we should think otherwise, “ he would have told us so, as he did on the for-“ mer occasion; and some of the Officers would “ have suspected a feint the rather, because they “ had been impos'd upon by the same Speech be-“ fore. But none of them suspect him at all. *Dio-“ med* thinks him so much in earnest as to re-“ proach his cowardice, *Nestor* applauds *Diomed's* li-“ berty, and *Agamemnon* makes not the least de-“ fence for himself.

Dacier answers, that *Homer* had no occasion to tell us this was counterfeit, because the Officers could not but remember it to have been so before; and as for the answers of *Diomed* and *Nestor*, they only carry on the same feint, as *Dionysius* has prov'd, whose reasons may be seen in the following note.

I do not pretend to decide upon this point; but which way soever it be, I think *Agamemnon's* design

was equally answer'd by repeating the same Speech: So that the repetition at least is not to be blamed in Homer. What obliged *Agamemnon* to that feint in the second Book was the hatred he had incurred in the Army by being the cause of *Achilles's* departure; this made it but a necessary precaution in him to try, before he came to a Battel, whether the *Greeks* were dispos'd to it. And it was equally necessary, in case the event should prove unsuccessful, to free himself from the odium of being the occasion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the same words, was the readiest way to put them in mind that he had propos'd the same advice to them before the Battel; and to make it appear unjust that their ill fortune should be charged upon him. See the 5th and 8th notes on the second Iliad.

V.

VERSE 43. *The Speech of Diomed.]* I shall here translate the Criticism of *Dionysius* on this passage. He asks, "What can be the drift of *Diomed*, when " he insults *Agamemnon* in his griefs and distresses? " For what *Diomed* here says seems not only very " ill tim'd, but inconsistent with his own opinion, " and with the respect he had shewn in the begin- " ning of this very Speech.

*If I oppose thee, Prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of Council bid my tongue be bold.*

" This is the introduction of a Man in temper, " who is willing to soften and excuse the liberty of " what is to follow, and what necessity only obli- " ges him to utter. But he subjoins a resentment " of the reproach the King had formerly thrown " upon him, and tells him that *Jupiter* had given " him power and dominion without courage and
" virtue.

the NINTH BOOK. 5

“ virtue. These are things which agree but i'l to-
“ gether, that *Diomed* should upbraid *Agamemnon* in
“ his adversity with past injuries, after he had en-
“ dur'd his reproaches with so much moderation,
“ and had reproved *Sthenelus* so warmly for the con-
“ trary practice in the fourth Book. If any one
“ answer, that *Diomed* was warranted in this free-
“ dom by the bravery of his warlike behaviour since
“ that reproach, he supposes this Hero very ig-
“ norant how to demean himself in prosperity. The
“ truth is, this whole accusation of *Diomed's* is
“ only a feint to serve the designs of *Agamemnon*.
“ For being desirous to persuade the *Greeks* against
“ their departure, he effects that design by this
“ counterfeited anger, and license of speech: And
“ seeming to resent, that *Agamemnon* should be
“ capable of imagining the Army would return to
“ *Greece*, he artificially makes use of these reproa-
“ ches to cover his argument. This is farther con-
“ firm'd by what follows, when he bids *Agamemnon*
“ return, if he pleases, and affirms that the *Grecians*
“ will stay without him. Nay he carries the mat-
“ ter so far, as to boast, that if all the rest should
“ depart, himself and *Sthenelus* alone would conti-
“ nue the War, which would be extremely chil-
“ dish and absurd in any other view than this.

V I.

VERSE 73. *The Speech of Nestor.]* “ *Nestor* (con-
“ tinues *Dionysius*) seconds the Oration of *Diomed*:
“ We shall perceive the artifice of his discourse, if
“ we reflect to how little purpose it would be with-
“ out this design. He praises *Diomed* for what he has
“ said, but does it not without declaring, that he
“ had not spoken fully to the purpose, and fallen
“ short in some points, which he ascribes to his

A 3 youth,

6 OBSERVATIONS on

" youth, and promises to supply them. Then after
" a long preamble, when he has turn'd himself se-
" veral ways, as if he was sporting in a new and
" uncommon vein of Oratory, he concludes by
" ordering the Watch to their stations, and advi-
" sing *Agamemnon* to invite the Elders of the Army
" to a Supper, there, out of many counsels, to chuse
" the best. All this at first sight appears absurd:
" But we must know that *Nestor* too speaks in Fi-
" gure. *Diomed* seems to quarrel with *Agamemnon*,
" purely to gratify him; but *Nestor* praises his li-
" berty of speech, as it were to vindicate a real
" quarrel with the King. The end of all this is
" only to move *Agamemnon* to supplicate *Achilles*;
" and to that end he so much commends the young
" Man's freedom. In proposing to call a Council
" only of the eldest, he consults the dignity of
" *Agamemnon*, that he might not be expos'd to
" make this condescension before the younger Of-
" ficers. And he concludes by an artful inference
" of the absolute necessity of applying to *Achilles*
" from the present posture of their affairs.

*See what a blaze from hostile Tents aspires,
How near our Fleet approach the Trojan fires!*

" This is all *Nestor* says at this time before the ge-
" neral Assembly of the Greeks; but in his next
" Speech, when the Elders only are present, he
" explains the whole matter at large, and openly
" declares that they must have recourse to *Achilles*.
" *Dion. Hal.* οὐδὲ ἵσχημαλισμένων, p. 2.

Plutarch de aud. Poetis, takes notice of this piece
of decorum in *Nestor*, who when he intended to
move for a mediation with *Achilles*, chose not to
do it in publick, but propos'd a private meeting of
the Chiefs to that end. If what these two great

Authors

the NINTH BOOK. 7

Authors have said be consider'd, there will be no room for the trivial objection some Moderns have made to this proposal of Nestor's, as if in the present distress he did no more than impertinently advise them to go to Supper.

V I I.

VERSE 53. *They gave thee Sceptres, &c.]* This is the language of a brave Man, to affirm and say boldly, that Courage is above Scepters and Crowns. Sceptres and Crowns were indeed in former times not hereditary, but the recompence of Valour. With what art and haughtiness Diomed sets himself indirectly above Agamemnon! Eustathius.

V I I I.

VERSE 62. *And nearest to the main.]* There is a secret stroke of Satyr in these words: Diomed tells the King that his Squadron lies next the sea. insinuating that they were the most distant from the Battel, and readiest for flight. Eustathius.

I X.

VERSE 68. *God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.]* This is literal from the Greek, and therein may be seen the style of holy Scripture, where 'tis said that they come with God, or that they are not come without God, meaning that they did not come without his order: *Numquid sine Domino ascendi in terram istam?* says Rabshekah to Hezekiah; in Isaiah 36. v. 8. This passage seems to be very beautiful. Homer adds it to shew that the valour of Diomed, which puts him upon remaining alone with Sthenelus, when all the Greeks were gone, is not a rash and mad boldness, but a reasonable one, and founded on the promises of God himself, who cannot lie. Dacier.

8 OBSERVATIONS on

X.

VERSE 73. *Oh truly great.] Nestor could do no less than commend Diomed's valour , he had lately been a witness of it when he was preserv'd from falling into the Enemy's hands till he was rescu'd by Diomed. Eustathius.*

X I.

VERSE 87. *Curs'd is the Man.] Nestor, says the same Author , very artfully brings in these words as a general Maxim, in order to dispose Agamemnon to a reconciliation with Achilles : He delivers it in general terms , and leaves the King to make the application. This passage is translated with liberty, for the Original comprises a great deal in a very few words, αφεντωρ, αθεμισος, ανεσις; it will be proper to give a particular explication of each of these ; αφεντωρ, says Eustathius , signifies one who is a Vagabond or Foreigner. The Athenians kept a register,in which all that were born were enroll'd, whence it easily appear who were Citizens , or not ; αφρυτωρ therefore signifies , one who is depriv'd of the privilege of a Citizen. 'Αθεμισος is one that had forfeited all title to be protected by the laws of his Country. 'Ανεσις, one that has no habitation , or rather one that was not permitted to partake of any family sacrifice. For 'Εσια is a family Goddess ; and Jupiter sometimes is called ζευς επισχεος.*

There is a sort of gradation in these words. 'Αθεμισος signifies a Man that has lost the privileges of his Country; αφρυτωρ those of his own Tribe, and ανεσις those of his own Family.

X I I.

VERSE 94. *Between the Trench and Wall.] It is almost impossible to make such particularites as these appear with any tolerable elegance in Poetry: And*

the NINTH BOOK. 9

as they cannot be rais'd, so neither must they be omitted. This particular space here mention'd between the Trench and Wall, is what we must carry in our mind thro' this and the following Book: Otherwise we shall be at a loss to know the exact scene of the actions and councils that follow.

X I I I.

VERSE 119. *The fires they light.]* They lighted up a fire that they might not seem to be under any consternation, but to be upon their guard against any alarm. *Eustathius.*

X I V.

VERSE 124. *When thirst and hunger ceas't.* The conduct of *Homer* in this place is very remarkable; he does not fall into a long Description of the Entertainment, but complies with the exigence of affairs, and passes on to the consultation. *Eustathius.*

X V.

VERSE 138. *And make the wisdom thine.]* *Eustathius* thought that *Homer* said this, because in Councils, as in the Army, all is attributed to the Princes, and the whole honour ascrib'd to them: but this is by no means *Homer's* thought. What he here says, is a Maxim drawn from profoundest Philosophy. That which often does Men the most harm, is envy, and the shame of yielding to advice, which proceeds from others. There is more greatness and capacity in following good advice, than in proposing it; by executing it, we render it our own, and we ravish even the property of it from its Author; and *Eustathius* seems to incline to this thought, when he afterwards says, *Homer* makes him that follows good advice, equal to him that gives it; but he has not fully express'd himself. *Dacier.*

10 OBSERVATIONS on

X V I.

VERSE 140. *At once my present judgment and my past.] Nestor here by the word παλαι, means the advice he gave at the time of the quarrel in the first Book: He says, as it was his opinion then that Agamemnon ought not to disgrace Achilles, so after the maturest deliberation, he finds no reason to alter it. Nestor here launches out into the praises of Achilles, which is a secret argument to induce Agamemnon to regain his Friendship, by shewing the importance of it. Eustathius.*

X V I I.

VERSE 151. *This wondrous Hero.] It is remarkable that Agamemnon here never uses the name of Achilles: tho' he is resolv'd to court his Friendship, yet he cannot bear the mention of his name. The impression which the dissention made, is not yet worn off, tho' he expatiates in commendation of his Valour. Eustathius.*

X V I I I.

VERSE 155. *If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow.] The Poet says Eustathius, makes a wise choice of the gifts that are to be proffer'd to Achilles. Had he been ambitious of wealth, there are golden Tripods, and ten talents of gold to bribe his resentment. If he had been addicted to the fair Sex, there was a King's Daughter and seven fair Captives to win his favour. Or if he had been ambitious of greatness, there were seven wealthy Cities and a Kingly power to court him to a reconciliation: But he takes this way to shew us that his anger was stronger than all his other passions. It is farther observable, that Agamemnon promises these presents at three different times; first, at this instant; secondly, on the taking of Troy; and lastly, after their return*

the NINTH BOOK. 11

return to *Greece*. This division in some degree multiplies them. *Dacier.*

X I X.

VERSE 157. *Ten weighty Talents.*] The ancient Criticks have blamed one of the verses in the enumeration of these presents, as not sufficiently flowing and harmonious, the pause ill placed, and one word does not fall easily into the other. This will appear very plain if we compare it with a more numerous Verse.

Ιλιόθεν μὲ φέρων ἀνέμῳ κινόντος πίλασσε,
Αἰθανας δὲ λεβήτας ἵεικος, διάδηκα δ' ἴωνες.

The ear immediately perceives the musick of the former line, every syllable glides smoothly away, without offending the ear with any such roughness, as is found in the second. The first runs as swiftly as the wind which it describes; but the latter is a broken interrupted uneven verse. But it is certainly pardonable in this place, where the musick of Poetry is not necessary; the mind is entirely taken up in learning what presents *Agamemnon* intended to make *Achilles*, and is not at leisure to regard the ornaments of versification: and even those pauses are not without their beauties, as they would of necessity cause a stop in the delivery, and so give time for each particular to sink into the mind of *Achilles*. *Eustathius.*

X X.

VERSE 159. *Sev'n sacred Tripods.*] There were two kinds of Tripods: in the one they used to boil water, the other was entirely for shew, to mix wine and water in, says *Athenaeus*: the first were called *λεῖμαις*, or cauldrons, for common use, and made to bear the fire; the other were *ἄπυροι*, and made chiefly for ornament. It may be ask'd why
this

12 OBSERVATIONS on

this could be a proper present for *Achilles*, who was a martial Man, and regarded nothing but Arms? It may be answer'd, that these presents were very well suited to the person to whom they were sent, as Tripods in ancient days were the usual prizes in Games, and they were given by *Achilles* himself in those which he exhibited in honour of *Patroclus*: the same may be said of the female Captives, which are also among the prizes in the games of *Patroclus*. *Eustathius.*

X X I.

VERSE 161. *Twelve Steeds unmatch'd.]* From hence it is evident that Games us'd to be celebrated in the Grecian Army during the time of the War; perhaps in honour of the deceas'd Heroes. For had *Agamemnon* sent *Achilles* Horses that had been victorious before the beginning of the *Trojan War*, they would by this time have been too old to be of any value. *Eustathius.*

X X I I.

VERSE 189. *Laodice and Iphigenia, &c.]* These are the Names of *Agamemnon's* Daughters, among which we do not find *Electra*. But some affirm, says *Eustathius* that *Laodice* and *Electra* are the same, (as *Iphianassa* is the same with *Iphigenia*) and she was called so, either by way of Sir-name; or by reason of her complexion, which was ἡλεκτρῶδες, *flava*; or by way of derision ἡλεκτρα *quasi* ἡλεκτρον, because she was an old Maid, as appears from *Euripides*, who says that she remain'd long a Virgin.

Παρθένε, μωκρὸν δὴ μῆκος ἡλεκτρα χεόντα.

And in *Sophocles* she says of herself, 'Ανύμφευτος οὖσα οἰχυῖ, *I wander a disconsolate unmarry'd Virgin*, which shews that it was ever look'd upon as a disgrace to continue long so.

XXIII.

XXIII.

VERSE 192 *I ask no presents--My self will give the Dow'r.]* For in *Greece* the Bridegroom, before he marry'd, was obliged to make two presents, one to his betroth'd Wife, and the other to his Father in Law. This custom is very ancient; is was practised by the *Hebrews* in the time of the Patriarchs. *Abraham's Servant* gave necklaces and earrings to *Rebecca*, whom he demanded for *Isaac*. *Genesis* 24. 22. *Shechem Son of Hamor* says to *Jacob* and his Sons, whose Sister he was desirous to espouse, " Ask me never so much Dowry and gifts. *Genesis* 34. 12. For the Dowry was for the Daughter. This present serv'd for her Dowry, and the other presents were for the Father. In the first Book of *Samuel* 18. 25. *Saul* makes them say to *David*, who by reason of his poverty said he could not be Son in Law to the King: " The King desireth not any Dowry. And in the two last passages, we see the presents were commonly regulated by the Father of the Bride. There is no mention in *Homer* of any present made to the Father, but only of that which was given to the married Daughter, which was call'd *ἱδνα*. The Dowry which the Father gave to his Daughter was called *μείλια*: Wherefore *Agamemnon* says here *ἱπιμέλια δώσω*. *Dacier*.

XXIV.

VERSE 209. *Pluto, the grizly God, who never spares.]* The meaning of this may be gather'd from *Æschylus*, cited here by *Eustathius*.

Mόρος θεῶν θάνατος γέδων ἐραι,
Οὐδὲ τι θύων γέδει πιστεύειντων λάθοις,
Οὐδὲ ἵτι βασικός, γέδει παιανιζεῖται.

Death is the only God who is not mov'd by offerings, whom you cannot conquer by sacrifices and obla-

14 OBSERVATIONS on
oblations, and therefore he is the only God to whom
no Altar is erected, and no hymns are sung.

X X V.

VERSE 221. *Let Phœnix lead.]* How comes it to pass that *Phœnix* is in the *Grecian Camp*: when undoubtedly he retir'd with his Pupil *Achilles*? *Eustathius* says the Ancients conjectur'd that he came to the Camp to see the last Battel: and indeed nothing is more natural to imagine, than that *Achilles* would be impatient to know the event of the day, when he was himself absent from the Fight: and as his revenge and glory were to be satisfied by the ill success of the *Grecians*, it is highly probable that he sent *Phœnix* to enquire after it. *Eustathius* farther observes, *Phœnix* was not an Embassador, but only the Conductor of the Embassy. This is evident from the words themselves, which are all along deliver'd in the dual number; and farther from *Achilles*'s requiring *Phœnix* to stay with him when the other two departed.

X X V I.

VERSE 222. *Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.]* The choice of these persons is made with a great deal of judgment. *Achilles* could not but reverence the venerable *Phœnix* his Guardian and Tutor. *Ajax* and *Ulysses* had been disgrac'd in the first Book, Line 145, as well as he, and were therefore instances of that forgiveness they came to ask; besides it was the greatest honour that could be done to *Achilles* to send the most worthy Personages in the Army to him. *Ulysses* was inferior to none in Eloquence but to *Nestor*. *Ajax* was second to none in Valour but to *Achilles*.

Ajax might have an influence over him as a Relation, by descent from *Æacus*, *Ulysses* as an Orator:

the NINTH BOOK. 15

tor: To these are join'd *Hodius* and *Eurybates*, two Heralds, which tho' it were not customary, yet was necessary in this place, both to certify *Achilles* that this Embassage was the act of *Agamemnon* himself, and also to make these persons who had been witnesses before God and Man of the wrong done to *Achilles* in respect to *Briseis*, witnesses also of the satisfaction given him. *Eustathius.*

X X V I I.

VERSE 235. *Much be advis'd them all, Ulysses most.]* There is a great propriety in representing *Nestor* as so particularly applying himself on this occasion to *Ulysses*. Tho' he of all Men had the least need of his instructions; yet it is highly natural for one wise Man to talk most to another.

X X V I I I.

VERSE 246. *Pleas'd with the solemn Harp's harmonious sound.]* " *Homer* (says *Plutarch*) to prove what " an excellent use may be made of Musick, feign'd " *Achilles* to compose by this means the wrath he " had conceiv'd against *Agamemnon*. He sung to his " Harp the noble actions of the valiant, and the " achievements of Heroes and Demigods, a sub- " ject worthy of *Achilles*. *Homer* moreover teaches " us in this fiction the proper season for Musick, " when a Man is at leisure and unemploy'd in greater affairs. For *Achilles*, so valorous as he was, " had retir'd from action thro' his displeasure to *Agamemnon*. And nothing was better suited to the " martial disposition of this Hero, than these heroic Songs, that prepared him for the deeds and " toils he afterwards undertook, by the celebration " of the like in those who had gone before him. " Such was the ancient Musick, and to such purposes it was apply'd. *Plut. of Musick.* The same Author

16 OBSERVATIONS on

thor relates in the Life of *Alexander*, that when the Lyre of *Paris* was offer'd to that Prince, he made answer, " He had little value for it, but much de-
" sired that of *Achilles*, on which he sung the actions
" of Heroes in former times.

X X I X.

VERSE 261. *Princes all hail!*] This short Speech is wonderfully proper to the occasion, and to the temper of the Speaker. One is under a great expectation of what *Achilles* will say at the sight of these Heroes, and I know nothing in Nature that could satisfy it, but the very thing he here accosts them with.

X X X.

VERSE 268. *Mix purer Wine.*] The meaning of this word ζερότερος is very dubious; some say it signifies warm wine, from ζέω, serveo: According to Aristotle, it is an Adverb, and implies to mix wine quickly. And others think it signifies pure wine. In this last sense Herodotus uses it. Βωάν ζερότερον βέλαιναι οἱ Σπαρτιάται πιέν, ἐπισκύθισον λέγουσιν, ὡς αὐτῷ Τη Σκυθῶν, οἱ φροτιν, εἰς Σωάρτην ἀφικόμενοι πρέσβεις, ιδίδαξαν τὸν Κλεομένην ἀργαλοπολεῖν. Which in English is thus: " When the Spartans have an inclination to " drink their wine pure and not diluted, they pro- " pose to drink after the manner of the Scythians; " some of whom coming Embassadors to Sparta, " taught Cleomenes to drink his wine unmix'd. I think this sense of the word is most natural, and *Achilles* might give this particular order not to dilute the wine so much as usually, because the Embassadors who were brave Men, might be suppos'd to be much fatigu'd in the late Battel, and to want a more than usual refreshment. Eustathius. See Plutarch Symp. l. 4. c. 5.

XXXI.

VERSE 271. Patroclus o'er the blazing fire , &c.]

The Reader must not expect to find much beauty in such descriptions as these: they give us an exact account of the simplicity of that Age, which for all we know might be a part of *Homer's* design; there being, no doubt, a considerable change of Customs in *Greece*, from the time of the *Trojan War* to those wherein our Author lived; and it seem'd demanded of him to omit nothing that might give the *Greeks* an idea of the manners of their Predecessors. But however that matter stood, it should methinks be a pleasure to a modern Reader, to see how such mighty Men, whose actions have surviv'd their persons three thousand years, liv'd in the earliest Ages of the World. The Embassadors found this Hero, says *Eustathius*, without any Attendants; he had no Ushers or Waiters to introduce them, no servile Parasites about him: The latter Ages degenerated into these pieces of state and pageantry:

The Supper also is describ'd with an equal simplicity: three Princes are busied in preparing it, and they who made the greatest figure in the field of Battel, thought it no disparagement to prepare their own repast. The objections some have made that *Homer's* Gods and Heroes do every thing for themselves, as if several of those offices were unworthy of them, proceeds from the corrupt idea of modern luxury and grandeur: Whereas in truth it is rather a weakness and imperfection to stand in need of the assistance and ministry of others. But however it be, methinks those of the nicest taste might relish this entertainment of *Homer's*, when they consider these great Men as Soldiers in a Camp, in whom the least appearance of luxury would have been a crime.

18 OBSERVATIONS on
 XXXI.

VERSE 271. Patroclus o'er the blazing fire.] Madam Dacier's general note on this passage deserves to be transcribed. "Homer, says she, is in the right not to avoid these descriptions, because nothing can properly be called vulgar which is drawn from the manner and usages of persons of the first dignity; and also because in his tongue even the terms of Cookery are so noble, and of so agreeable a sound, and he likewise knows how to place them so well, as to extract a perfect harmony from them: So that he may be said to be as excellent a Poet, when he describes these small matters, as when he treats of the greatest subjects. 'Tis not so either with our manners, or our language. Cookery is left to Servants, and all its terms so low and disagreeable, even in the sound, that nothing can be made of them, that has not some taint of their meanness. This great disadvantage made me at first think of abridging this preparation of the repast; but when I had well consider'd it, I was resolv'd to preserve and give Homer as he is, without retrenching any thing from the simplicity of the heroick manners. I do not write to enter the lists against Homer, I will dispute nothing with him; my design is only to give an idea of him, and to make him be understood: The Reader will therefore forgive me if this description has none of its original graces.

XXXII.

VERSE 272. In a brazen Vase.] The word *xpēio* signifies the vessel, and not the meat itself, as Eurphorion conjectured, giving it as a reason that Homer makes no mention of boiled meat: But this does not hinder but that the meat might be parboil'd in the

the NINTH BOOK. 19

the vessel to make it roast the sooner. This, with some other notes on the particulars of this passage, belong to *Eustathius*, and Madam *Dacier* ought not to have taken to herself the merit of his explanations.

X X X I V.

VERSE 282. *And sprinkles sacred salt.]* Many reasons are given why salt is called sacred or divine, but the best is because it preserves things incorrupt, and keeps them from dissolution. " So thunder (says *Plutarch Sympos. l. 5. qu. 10.*) is called divine, because bodies struck with Thunder will not putrefy; besides generation is divine, because God is the principle of all things, and salt is most operative in generation. *Lycophron* calls it *αγρίνιον ἄλα:* For this reason *Venus* was feign'd by the Poets to spring from the sea.

X X X V.

VERSE 291. *To Phoenix Ajax gave the sign.]* *Ajax* who was a rough Soldier and no Orator, is impatient to have the business over: He makes a sign to *Phœnix* to begin, but *Ulysses* prevents him. Perhaps *Ulysses* might flatter himself that his Oratory would prevail upon *Achilles*, and so obtain the honour of making the reconciliation himself: Or if he were repuls'd, there yet remain'd a second and third resource in *Ajax* and *Phœnix*, who might renew the attempt, and endeavour to shake his resolution: There would still be some hopes of success, as one of these was his Guardian, the other his Relation. One may farther add to these reasons of *Eustathius*, that it would have been improper for *Phœnix* to have spoken first, since he was not an Embassador; and therefore *Ulysses* was the fitter person, as being empower'd by that function to make an offer of

20 OBSERVATIONS on
the presents in the name of the King.

X X X V I.

VERSE 295. *Health to Achilles.*] There are no Discourses in the Iliad better placed, better tim'd, or that give a greater idea of Homer's genius, than these of the Embassadors to *Achilles*. These Speeches are not only necessarily demanded by the occasion, but disposed with art, and in such an order, as raises more and more the pleasure of the Reader. *Ulysses* speaks the first, the character of whose discourse is a well-addres'd Eloquence; so the mind is agreeably engag'd by the choice of his reasons and applications. *Achilles* replies with a magnanimous freedom, whereby the mind is elevated with the sentiments of the Hero. *Phænix* discourses in a manner touching and pathetick, whereby the heart is moved: and *Ajax* concludes with a generous disdain, that leaves the soul of the reader inflamed. This order undoubtedly denotes a great Poet, who knows how to command attention as he pleases by the arrangement of his matter; and I believe it is not possible to propose a better model for the happy disposition of a subject. These words are Monsieur *de la Motte*'s, and no testimony can be more glorious to *Homer* than this, which comes from the mouth of an Enemy.

X X X V I I.

VERSE 296. *Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts.*] I must just mention *Dacier*'s observation: With what cunning *Ulysses* here slides in the odious name of *Agamemnon*, as he praises *Achilles*, that the ear of this impetuous Man might be familiariz'd to that name.

X X X V I I I.

VERSE 314. *He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame*

flame The Ships, the Greeks, &c.] There is a circumstance in the Original which I have omitted, for fear of being too particular in an oration of this warmth and importance; but as it preserves a piece of Antiquity I must not forget it here. He says that *Hector* will not only fire the Fleet, but bear off the *Statues of the Gods*, which were carv'd on the prows of the Vessels. These were hung up in the Temples, as a Monument of Victory, according to the custom of those times.

X X X I X.

VERSE 342. *But hear me, while I number o'er The proffer'd presents.]* Monsieur de la Motte finds fault with *Homer* for making *Ulysses* in this place repeat all the offers of *Agamemnon* to *Achilles*. Not to answer that it was but necessary to make known to *Achilles* all the proposals, or that this distinct enumeration serv'd the more to move him, I think one may appeal to any person of common taste, whether the solemn recital of these circumstances does not please him more, than the simple narration could have done, which Monsieur de la Motte would have put in its stead. *Ulysses made all the Offers Agamemnon had commission'd him.*

X L.

VERSE 406. *Achilles's Speech.]* Nothing is more remarkable than the conduct of *Homer* in this Speech of *Achilles*. He begins with some degree of coolness, as in respect to the Embassadors whose persons he esteem'd; yet even there his temper just shews itself in the insinuation that *Ulysses* had dealt artfully with him, which in two periods rises into an open detestation of all Artifice. He then falls into a ful-
len declaration of his resolves, and a more sedate representation of his past services; but warms as he

22 OBSERVATIONS on

goes on , and every minute he but names his wrongs ; flies out into extravagance . His rage awaken'd by that injury , is like a fire blown by a wind , that sinks and rises by fits , but keeps continually burning , and blazes but the more for those intermissions .

X L I.

VERSE 424. *As the bold Bird , &c.]* This Simile (says *La Motte*) must be allow'd to be just , but was not fit to be spoken in a passion . One may answer , that the tenderness of the Comparison renders it no way the less proper to a Man in a passion , it being natural enough , the more one is disgusted at present , the more to recollect the kindness we have formerly shewn to those who are ungrateful . *Eustathius* observes , that so soft as the Simile seems , it has nevertheless its *fiercè* ; for *Achilles* herein expresses his contempt for the *Greeks* , as a weak defenceless People , who must have perished if he had not preserved them . And indeed if we consider what is said in the preceding note , it will appear that the passion of *Achilles* ought not as yet to be at the height .

X L I I.

VERSE 432, *I sack'd twelve ample Cities.]* *Eustathius* says , that the Anger of *Achilles* not only throws him into tautology , but also into ambiguity : For , says he , these words may either signify that he destroy'd twelve Cities with his Ships , or barely Cities with twelve Ships . But *Eustathius* in this place is like many other Commentators , who can see a meaning in a sentence that never enter'd into the thoughts of an Author . It is not easy to conceive how *Achilles* could have express'd himself more clearly . There is no doubt but *Diodorus* agrees with the same word that *vidua* does , in the following line ,

the NINTH BOOK. 23

line; which is certainly *πόλεις*: and there is a manifest enumeration of the places he had conquer'd, by sea, and by land.

X L I I I.

VERSE 450. *The Wife whom choice and passion both approve, Sure ev'ry wife and worthy Man will love.]* The argument of Achilles in this place is very a-propos with reference to the case of *Agamemnon*. If I translated it verbatim, I must say in plain English, *Every honest Man loves his Wife.* Thus Homer has made this rash, this fiery Soldier, govern'd by his passions, and in the rage of Youth, bear testimony to his own respect for the Ladies. But it seems *Poltis King of Thrace* was of another opinion, who would have parted with two Wives, out of pure good-nature to two meer Strangers; as I have met with the story somewhere in *Plutarch*. When the Greeks were raising Forces against *Troy*, they sent Embassadors to this *Poltis* to desire his assistance. He enquir'd the cause of the War, and was told it was the injury *Paris* had done *Menelaus* in taking his Wife from him. "If that be all, said the good "King, let me accomodate the difference. Indeed "it is not just the Greek Prince should lose a Wife, "and on the other side it is pity the Trojan should "want one. Now I have two Wives; and to pre- "vent all this mischief, I'll send one of them to "Menelaus, and the other to Paris. It is a shame this Story is so little known, and that poor *Poltis* yet remains uncelebrated: I cannot but recommend him to the modern Poets.

X L I V.

VERSE 457. *Your King, Ulysses, may consult with you.] Achilles still remembers what Agamemnon said to him when they quarrel'd, Other brave Warriors will*

24 OBSERVATIONS on

will be left behind to follow me in Battel, as we have seen in the first Book. He answers here without either sparing *Ajax* or *Ulysses*; as much his Friends as they are, they have their share in this stroke of Raillery. *Eustathius.*

X L V.

VERSE 459. *Has he not Walls?*] This is a bitter Satyr (says *Eustathius*) against *Agamemnon*, as if his only deeds were the making of this Wall, this ditch, these pallisades, to defend himself against those whom he came to besiege: There was no need of these Retrenchments, whilst *Achilles* fought. But (as *Dacier* observes) this Satyr does not affect *Agamemnon* only, but *Nestor* too, who had advis'd the making of these Retrenchments, and who had said in the second Book, *If there are a few who separate themselves from the rest of the Army, let them stay and perish*, v. 346. Probably this had been reported to *Achilles*, and that Hero revenges himself here by mocking these Retrenchments.

X L V I.

VERSE 473. *Pthia the third day hence, &c.*] Monsieur de la Motte thinks the mention of these minute circumstances do not agree with the passionate character of the Speaker; that *he shall arrive at Pthia in three days*, that *he shall find there all the Riches he left when he came to the Siege*, and that *he shall carry other Treasures home*. *Dacier* answers, that we need only consider the present situation of *Achilles*, and his cause of complaint against *Agamemnon*, and we shall be satisfied here is nothing but what is exactly agreeable to the occasion. To convince the Embassadors that he will return home, he instances the easiness of doing it, in the space of three days. *Agamemnon* had injur'd him in the point of booty, he
there-

the NINTH BOOK. 25

therefore declares he had sufficient Treasures at home, and that he will carry off spoils enough, and Women enough, to make amends for those that Prince had ravish'd from him. Every one of these particulars marks his passion and resentment.

X L V I I.

VERSE 481. *One only valu'd gift your Tyrant gave.]* The injury which Agamemnon offer'd to Achilles is still uppermost in his thoughts, he has but just dismiss'd it, and now returns to it again. These repetitions are far from being faults in Achilles's wrath, whose anger is perpetually breaking out upon the same injury.

X L V I I I.

VERSE 494. *Kings of such a kind Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.]* The words in the Greek are, *I despise him as a Carian.* The Carians were People of *Bœotia*, the first that fold their valour, and were ready to fight for any that gave them their pay. This was look'd upon as the vilest of actions in those heroical Ages. I think there is at present but one Nation in the World distinguish'd for this practice, who are ready to prostitute their hands to kill for the highest bidder.

Eustathius endeavours to give many other solutions of this place, as that *κύριος* may be mistaken for *ἰγναῖος* from *ἴγνας*, *pediculus*; but this is too mean and trivial to be Homer's sentiment. There is more probability that it comes from *κύρης*, *κυρίος*, and so *κύρος*, by the change of the *Eta* into *Alpha*; and then the meaning will be, that Achilles hates him as much as Hell or Death, agreeable to what he had said a little before.

Ἐχθρὸς μὲν μολ κείνος ὅμως νίδαις κύλησι.

X L I X.

VERSE 500. *Not all proud Thebes, &c.]* These

26 OBSERVATIONS on

several circumstances concerning *Thebes* are thought by some not to suit with that emotion with which *Achilles* here is suppos'd to speak: but the contrary will appear true, if we reflect that nothing is more usual for persons transported with anger, than to insist, and return to such particulars as most touch them; and that exaggeration is a figure extremely natural in passion. *Achilles* therefore, by shewing the greatness of *Thebes*, its wealth, and extent, does in effect but shew the greatness of his own soul, and of that insuperable resentment which renders all these riches (tho' the greatest in the World) contemptible in his sight, when he compares them with the indignity his honour has receiv'd.

L.

VERSE 500. *Proud Thebes' unrival'd Walls, &c.*]

" The City which the Greeks call *Thebes*, the *Ægyptians Heliopolis* (says Diodorus lib. 1. part. 2.) was " in circuit a hundred and forty stadia, adorned " with stately buildings, magnificent Temples, and " rich donations. It was not only the most beautiful and noble City of *Ægypt*, but of the whole " World. The fame of its wealth and grandeur " was so celebrated in all parts, that the Poet took " notice of it in these Words.

— εδ' ὅπε Θῆβας
Αἰγυπτίας, ὃι πλέον δόμοις τὸν κλήρον κεῖται,
Αἱδ' εκατόνταλοι εἰσι, δηκόσιοι δ' αὐτὸν εἰσεστοῦν
Ἄντες ἐξοχεύεται τὸν οἰωνον τῷ ὄχεοφιν.

" Tho' others affirm it had not a hundred Gates, " but several vast Porches to the Temples; from " whence the City was call'd the *Hundred-gated*, " only as having many Gates. Yet it is certain it " furnished twenty thousand Chariots of War; " for there were a hundred Stables along the River,

" from

the NINTH BOOK. 27

" from *Memphis* to *Thebes* towards *Lybia*, each of
" which contain'd two hundred Horses, the ruins
" whereof are shewn at this day. The Princes from
" time to time made it their care to beautify and
" enlarge this City, to which none under the Sun
" was equal in the many and magnificent treasures
" of gold, silver, and ivory; with innumerable
" Colossus's, & Obelisks of one entire stone. There
" were four Temples admirable in beauty and great
" ness, the most ancient of which was in circuit thi-
" teen stadia, and five and forty cubits in heighth, w ith
" a Wall of four and twenty foot broad. The orna-
" ments and offerings within were agreeable to this
" magnificence both in value and workmanship.
" The Fabrick is yet remaining, but the gold, sil-
" ver, ivory, and precious stones were ransack'd
" by the Persians when *Cambyses* burn'd the Tem-
" ples of *Ægypt*. There were found in the rubbish
" above three hundred talents of gold, and no less
" than two thousand three hundred of silver. The
same Author proceeds to give many instances of the
magnificence of this great City. The description
of the Sepulchres of their Kings, and particularly
that of *Osymanduas*, is perfectly astonishing; to which
I refer the Reader.

Strabo farther informs us, that the Kings of *Thebes*
extended their Conquests as far as *Scythia*, *Bactria*,
and *India*.

L I.

VERSE 525. *Not all Apollo's Pythian Treasures.*] The Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos* w as the richest Temple in the world, by the offerings which were brought to it from all parts: there we re Statues of massy gold of a human size, Figures of animals in gold, and several other Treasures. A great sign of its

28 OBSERVATIONS on

its wealth is, that the *Phocians* pillag'd it in the time of *Philip* the Son of *Amyntas*, which gave occasion to the holy War. 'Tis said to have been pillag'd before, and that the great riches of which *Homer* speaks, had been carried away. *Eustathius.*

L III.

VERSE 530. *The vital Spirit fled, Returns no more.]* Nothing sure could be better imagin'd, or more strongly paint *Achilles's* resentment, than this commendation which *Homer* puts into his mouth of a long and peaceable life. That Hero whose very soul was possessed with love of glory, and who prefer'd it to life itself, lets his anger prevail over this his darling passion: He despises even Glory, when he cannot obtain that, and enjoy his revenge at the same time; and rather than lay this aside, becomes the very reverse of himself.

L IIII.

VERSE 532. *My Fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd.]* It was very necessary for *Homer* to put the Reader more than once in mind of this piece of *Achilles's* Story: There is a remark of Monsieur *de la Motte* which deserves to be transcribed entire on this occasion.

" The generality of People who do not know
" *Achilles* by the *Iliad*, and who upon a most no-
" ted fable conceive him invulnerable all but in the
" heel, find it ridiculous that he should be placed
" at the head of Heroes; so true it is, that the Idea
" of Valour implies it always from danger.

" Should a Giant, well arm'd, fight against a Le-
" gion of Children, whatever slaughter he should
" make, the pity any one would have for them
" would not turn at all to any admiration of him,
" and the more he should applaud his own cour-
" age,

the NINTH BOOK. 29

" rage, the more one would be offended at his
" pride.

" Achilles had been in this case, if Homer, be-
" sides all the superiority of strength he has given
" him, had not found the art of putting likewise
" his greatness of soul out of all suspicion.

" He has perfectly well succeeded, in feigning
" that Achilles before his setting out to the Trojan
" War, was sure of meeting his death. The De-
" stinies had proposed to him by the mouth of The-
" tis, the alternative of a long and happy, but ob-
" scure life, if he stay'd in his own State; or of
" a short but glorious one, if he embrac'd the ven-
" geance of the Greeks. He wishes for glory in
" contempt of death; and thus all his actions, all
" his motions are so many proofs of his courage;
" he runs, in hastening his exploits, to a Death
" which he knows infallibly attends him; what does
" it avail him, that he routs every thing almost
" without resistance? It is still true, that he every
" moment encounters and faces the sentence of his
" Destiny, and that he devotes himself generously
" for Glory. Homer was so sensible that this idea
" must force a concern for his Hero, that he scat-
" ters it throughout his Poem, to the end that the
" Reader having it always in view, may esteem
" Achilles even for what he performs without the
" least danger.

L I V.

VERSE 565. *How shall thy Friend, thy Phoenix
stay behind.]* This is a strong argument to persuade
Achilles to stay, but dress'd up in the utmost ten-
derness: the venerable old Man rises with tears in
his eyes, and speaks the language of affection. He
tells him that he would not be left behind him, tho'
the

30 OBSERVATIONS on

the Gods would free him from the burthen of old age, and restore him to his youth: But in the midst of so much fondness, he couches a powerful argument to persuade him not to return home, by adding that his Father sent him to be his Guide and Guardian; *Phœnix* ought not therefore to follow the inclinations of *Achilles*, but, *Achilles* the directions of *Phœnix*. *Eustathius.*

" The art of this Speech of *Phœnix* (says *Dionysius* *sive οἰχματικόν*, lib. 1.) consists in his seeming to agree with all that *Achilles* had said: *Achilles*, he sees, will depart, and he must go along with him; but in assigning the reasons why he must go with him, he proves that *Achilles* ought not to depart. And thus while he seems only to shew his love to his Pupil in his inability to stay behind him, he indeed challenges the other's Gratitude for the benefits he had confer'd upon him in his infancy and education. At the same time that he moves *Achilles*, he gratifies *Agamemnon*; and that this was the real design which he disguised in that manner, we are inform'd by *Achilles* himself in the reply he makes: For *Homer*, and all the Authors that treat of this figure, generally contrive it so, that the Answers made to these kind of Speeches, discover all the art and structure of them. *Achilles* therefore asks him,

Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,

For him these sorrows, for my mortal Foe ?

" You see the Scholar reveals the art and dissimulation of his Master; and as *Phœnix* had recounted the benefits done him, he takes off that expostulation by promising to divide his Empire with him, as may be seen in the same answer.

L V.

VERSE 567. *He sent thee early to th' Achaian Host.]* Achilles (says Eustathius) according to some of the Ancients, was but twelve years old when he went to the Wars of Troy; (*τίμην νέον*) and it may be gather'd from what the Poet here relates of the education of Achilles under Phœnix, that the Fable of his being tutor'd by Chiron was the Invention of latter Ages, and unknown to Homer.

Mr. Bayle in his Article of Achilles, has very well proved this. He might indeed as he grew up, have learn'd Musick and Phyfick of Chiron, without having him formally as his Tutor; for it is plain from this Speech that he was put under the direction of Phœnix as his Governor in Morality, when his Father sent him along with him to the Siege of Troy.

L VI.

VERSE 578. *My Father, faithless to my Mother's arms, &c.]* Homer has been blamed for introducing two long Stories into this Speech of Phœnix; this concerning himself is said not to be in the proper place, and what Achilles must needs have heard over and over: It also gives (say they) a very ill impression of Phœnix himself, and makes him appear a very unfit person to be a Teacher of Morality to the young Hero. It is answer'd, that tho' Achilles might have known the Story before in general, 'tis probable Phœnix had not till now so pressing an occasion to make him discover the excess his fury had transported him to, in attempting the life of his own Father. The whole Story tends to represent the dreadful effects of passion; and I cannot but think the example is the more forcible, as it is drawn from his own experience,

L VII.

32 OBSERVATIONS on
L V I I.

VERSE 581. *To win the Damsel.]* The coulſel that this Mother gives to her Son *Phœnix* is the ſame that Achitophel gave to *Absolom*, to hinder him from ever being reconcil'd to *David*. *Et ait Achitophel ad Absolom; ingredere ad concubinas patris tui, quas dimiſit ad cuſtodiendam domum, ut cum audierit omnis Israel quod faēdaveris patrem tuum, roborenſur tecum manus eorum.* 2 Sam. 14. 20. *Dacier.*

L V I I I.

VERSE 581. *Prevent my Sire.]* This decency of *Homer* is worthy obſervation, who to remove all the disagreeable ideas which might proceed from this Intrigue of *Phœnix* with his Father's Miſtreſſ, took care to give us to understand in one ſingle word, that *Amyntor* had no ſhare in her affections, which makes the action of *Phœnix* the more excusable. He does it only in obedieneſce to his mother, in order to reclaim his Father, and oblige him to live like her Husband: Besides, his Father had yet no commerce with this Miſtreſſ to whose love he preten-ded. Had it been otherwife, and had *Phœnix* committed this ſort of Inceſt, *Homer* would neither have preſented this Image to his Reader, nor *Peleus* choſen *Phœnix* to be Governor to *Achilles*. *Dacier.*

L I X.

VERSE 584. *Infernal Jove.]* The Greek is Ζεύς καὶ ναζθόνος. The Ancients gave the name of *Jupiter* not only to the God of Heaven, but likewile to the God of Hell, as is ſeen here, and to the God of the Sea, as appears from *Æſchylus*. They thereby meant to ſhew that one ſole Deity governed the World; and it was to teach the ſame truth, that the ancient Statuaries made Statues of *Jupiter*, which had three Eyes. *Priam* had one of them in that:

that manner in the Court of his Palace, which was there in Laomedon's time: After the taking of Troy, when the Greeks shar'd the booty, it fell to Sthene-lus's lot, who carry'd it into Greece. *Dacier.*

L X.

VERSE 586. *Despair and grief distract, &c.*] I have taken the liberty to replace here four verses which *Aristarchus* had cut out, because of the horror which the Idea gave him of a Son who is going to kill his Father; but perhaps *Aristarchus*'s niceness was too great. These verses seem to me necessary, and have a very good effect; for *Phœnix*'s aim is to shew *Achilles*, that unless we overcome our wrath, we are expos'd to commit the greatest crimes: He was going to kill his own Father. *Achilles* in the same manner is going to let his Father *Phœnix* and all the Greeks perish, if he does not appease his wrath. *Plutarch* relates these four Verses in his treatise of reading the Poets; and adds, " *Aristarchus* fright-
" ned at this horrible crime, cut out these verses;
" but they do very well in this place, and on this
" occasion, *Phœnix* intending to shew *Achilles* what
" wrath is, and to what abominable excesses it
" hurries Men who do not obey Reason, and who
" refuse to follow the counsels of those that advise
" them. These sort of curtailings from *Homer*, often
contrary to all reason, gave room to *Lucian* to feign
that being in the fortunate Islands, he ask'd *Homer*
a great many questions. Among other things (says
he in his second Book of his true History) " I ask'd
" him whether he had made all the verses which
" had been rejected in his Poem? He asur'd me
" they were all his own, which made me laugh at
" the impertinent and bold Criticisms of *Zenodorus*
" and *Aristarchus*; whō had retrench'd them. *Dacier.*

VERSE 612. *I pass my Watchings o'er thy helpless years.*] In the original of this place *Phœnix* tells *Achilles*, that as he placed him in his infancy on his lap, *he has often cast up the Wine he had drank upon his Cloaths*. I wish I had any Authority to say these verses were foisted into the Text: For tho' the idea be indeed natural, it must be granted to be so very gross as to be utterly unworthy of *Homer*; nor do I see any colour to soften the meanness of it: such Images in any Age or Country must have been too nauseous to be described.

L X I I.

VERSE 624. *Pray'r's are Jove's Daughters.*] Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine Allegory. We have here Goddesses of *Homer's* creation, he sets before us their pictures in lively colours, and gives these fancy'd beings all the features that resemble Mankind who offer injuries, or have recourse to prayers.

Prayers are said to be the Daughters of *Jove*, because it is he who teaches Man to pray. They are lame, because the posture of a Suppliant is with his knee on the ground. They are wrinkled, because those that pray have a countenance of dejection and sorrow. Their eyes are turn'd aside, because thro' an awful regard to Heaven they dare not lift them thither. They follow *Ate* or *Injury*, because nothing but prayers can attone for the wrongs that are offer'd by the injurious. *Ate* is said to be strong and swift of foot, &c. because injurious Men are swift to do mischief. This is the explanation of *Eustathius*, with whom *Dacier* agrees; but when she allows the circumstance of Lameness to intimate the custom of kneeling in prayer, she forgets that this

con-

contradicts her own assertion in one of the remarks on Iliad 7, where she affirms that no such custom was used by the Greeks. And indeed the contrary seems inferred in several places of Homer, particularly where *Achilles* says in the 608th verse of the eleventh Book, *The Greeks shall stand round his knees supplianting to him.* The phrases in that language that signify praying, are deriv'd from the knee, only as it was usual to lay hold on the knee of the person to whom they supplicated.

A modern Author imagines *Are* to signify *divine Justice*, a notion in which he is single, and repugnant to all the Mythologists. Besides, the whole context in this place, and the very application of the Allegory to the present case of *Achilles*, whom he exhorts to be moved by prayers notwithstanding the injustice done him by *Agamemnon*, makes the contrary evident.

L X III.

VERSE 643. *Not Greece, nor all her Fortune.]*
Plato in the third Book of his Republick condemns this passage, and thinks it very wrong, that *Phoenix* should say to *Achilles* that if they did not offer him great presents, he would not advise him to be appeas'd; but I think there is some injustice in this censure, and that *Plato* has not rightly enter'd into the sense of *Phoenix*, who does not look upon these presents on the side of interest, but honour, as a mark of *Agamemnon's* repentance, and of the satisfaction he is ready to make: wherefore he says, that honour has a mighty power over great Spirits.
Dacier.

L X IV.

VERSE 648. *Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain.]*
In the Original it is ——τῷ μὴ τὸ γε μῆλον ἴδεται
C 2. Mys

36 OBSERVATIONS on

Mῆδη ωδας.— I am pretty confident there is not any manner of speaking like this used throughout all Homer; nor two substantives so oddly coupled to a verb, as *μῆθος* and *ωδας* in this place. We may indeed meet with such little affectations in Ovid,--- *Aurigam puriter animaque, rotisque, Expulit*--- and the like; but the taste of the Ancients in general was too good for these fooleries. I must have leave to think the Verse *Mῆδη ωδας, &c.* an interpolation; the Sense is compleat without it, and the latter part of the line, *τελεῖ δὲ τὴν νεμεσοῦσαν κεχολῶσθαι,* seems but a tautology, after what is said in the six verses preceding.

L X V.

[*VERSE 649. Let me, my Son, an ancient fact unfold.*] *Phœnix*, says *Eustathius*, lays down, as the foundation of his Story, that great Men in former Ages were always appeas'd by presents and entreaties, and to confirm this position, he brings *Meleager* as an instance; but it may be objected that *Meleager* was an ill chosen instance, being a person whom no entreaties could move: The superstructure of this Story seems not to agree with the foundation. *Eustathius* solves the difficulty thus. *Homer* did not intend to give an instance of a Hero's compliance with the entreaties of his Friends, but to shew that they who did not comply were sufferers themselves in the end. So that the connection of the Story is thus; The Heroes of former times were used always to be won by presents and entreaties; *Meleager* only was obstinate, and suffer'd because he was so.

The length of this Narration cannot be taxed as unseasonable; it was at full leisure in the Tent, and in the night, a time of no action. Yet I cannot answer

answer but the tale may be tedious to a modern Reader. I have translated it therefore with all possible shortness, as will appear upon a comparison. The piece itself is very valuable, as it preserves to us a part of ancient History that had otherwise been entirely lost, as Quintilian has remark'd. The same great Critick commends Homer's manner of relating it: *Narrare quis significantius potest, quam qui Curretum Etolorumque pralia exponit?* lib. 10. c. 1.

L X V I.

VERSE 677. *Alcyone, a name to show, &c.]* It appears (says Madam Dacier) by this passage, and by others already observ'd, that the Greeks often gave names, as did the Hebrews, not only with respect to the circumstances, but likewise to the accidents which happen'd to the Fathers and Mothers of those they named: Thus Cleopatra is called *Alcyone*, from the lamentations of her Mother. I cannot but think this digression concerning *Idas* and *Marpesta* too long, and not very much to the purpose.

L X V I I.

VERSE 708. *She paints the horrors of a conquer'd Town,
The Heroes slain, the Palaces o'erthrown,
The Matrons ravish'd, the whole Race enslav'd]*

It is remarkable with what art Homer here in a few words sums up the miseries of a City taken by Assault.

It had been unpardonable for Cleopatra to have made a long representation to Meleager of these miseries, when every moment that kept him from the Battel could not be spared. It is also to be observed how perfectly the features of Meleager resemble Achilles, they are both brave Men, ambitious of glory, both of them describ'd as giving Victory to their several Armies while they fought, and both

38 OBSERVATIONS on
of them implacable in their resentment. Eustathius.

L X V I I I .

VERSE 714. Achilles's Answer to Phœnix.] The character of Achilles is excellently sustain'd in all his Speeches: To Ulysses he returns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the Trojan Shores in the Morning: To Phœnix he gives a much gentler answer, and begins to mention Agamemnon with less disrespect 'Αριστίν γενι: After Ajax had spoken, he seems determined not to depart, but yet refuses to bear Arms, till it is to defend his own Squadron. Thus Achilles's character is every where of a piece: He begins to yield, and not to have done so would not have spoke him a Man; to have made him perfectly inexorable had shewn him a Monster. Thus the Poet draws the heat of his passion cooling by slow degrees, which is very natural: To have done otherwise, had not been agreeable to Achilles's temper, nor the Reader's expectation, to whom it would have been shocking to have seen him passing from the greatest storm of anger to a quiet calmness. Eustathius.

L X I X .

VERSE 720. *While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.*] Eustathius observes here with a great deal of penetration, that these Words of Achilles include a sort of Oracle, which he does not understand: For it sometimes happens that Men full of their objects say things, which besides the sense natural and plain to every body, include another supernatural, which they themselves do not understand, and which is understood by those only who have penetration enough to see thro' the obscurity of it. Thus Oedipus often speaks in Sophocles; and holy Scripture furnishes

the NINTH BOOK. 39

shes us with great examples of enthusiastick Speeches, which have a double sense. Here we manifestly see that *Achilles* in speaking a very simple and common thing, foretells without thinking of it, that his abode on that fatal shore will equal the course of his life, and consequently that he shall die there: and this double meaning gives a sensible pleasure to the Reader. *Dacier.*

L X X.

VERSE 737. *The Speech of Ajax.*] I have before spoken of this short Soldier-like Speech of *Ajax*; *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* says of it, “ that the per-“ son who entreats most, and with most liberty, “ who supplicates most, and presses most, is *Ajax*. It is probable that *Ajax* rises up when he speaks the word, *Let us go*. He does not vouchsafe to address himself to *Achilles*, but turns himself to *Ulysses*, and speaks with a martial Eloquence.

L X X I.

VERSE 747. *The price of blood discharg'd.*] It was the custom for the Murderer to go into banishment one year], but if the Relations of the person murdered were willing, the Criminal by paying them a certain fine, might buy off the exile, and remain at home. (It may not be amiss to observe, that *moln*, *quasi φοίν*, properly signifies a mulct paid for Murder.) *Ajax* sums up this argument with a great deal of strength: We see, says he, a Brother forgive the Murder of his Brother, a Father that of his Son: But *Achilles* will not forgive the injury offer'd him by taking away one captive Woman. *Eustathius.*

L X X I I.

VERSE 754. *Revere thy roof, and to thy Guests be kind.*] *Eustathius* says there is some difficulty in the

40 OBSERVATIONS on

original of this place. Why should *Ajax* draw an argument to influence *Achilles*, by putting him in mind to reverence his own habitation? The latter part of the verse explains the former: We, says *Ajax*, are under your roof, and let that protect us from any ill usage; send us not away from your house with contempt, who came hither as Friends, as Suplicants, as Embassadors.

LXXXIII.

VERSE 759. *Well hast thou spoke, but at the Tyrant's name My rage rekindles.]* We have here the true picture of an angry Man, and nothing can be better imagin'd to heighten *Achilles*'s wrath; he owns that Reason would induce him to a reconciliation, but his anger is too great to listen to Reason. He speaks with respect to them, but upon mentioning *Agamemnon*, he flies into rage: anger is in nothing more like madness, than that Madmen will talk sensibly enough upon any indifferent matter; but upon the mention of the subject that caused their disorder, they fly out into their usual Extravagance.

LXXXIV.

VERSE 806. *Such was his word.]* It may be ask'd here why *Ulysses* speaks only of the answer which *Achilles* made him at first, and says nothing of the disposition to which the discourses of *Phœnix* and *Ajax* had brought him. The Question is easily answer'd; it is because *Achilles* is obstinate in his resentment; and that, if at length a little mov'd by *Phœnix*, and shaken by *Ajax*, he seem'd dispos'd to take Arms; it is not out of regard to the *Greeks*, but only to save his own Squadron, when *Hector* after having put the *Greeks* to the sword, shall come to insult it. Thus this inflexible Man abates nothing of his rage. It is therefore prudent in *Ulysses* to make this

the NINTH BOOK.

41

this report to Agamemnon, to the end that being put out of hopes of the aid with which he flatter'd himself, he may concert with the Leaders of the Army the measures necessary to save his Fleet and Troops. Eustathius.

L X X V.

VERSE 816. *Why should we gifts, &c.]* This Speech is admirably adapted to the character of *Diomed*, every word is animated with a martial Courage, and worthy to be deliver'd by a gallant Soldier. He advis'd fighting in the beginning of the Book, and continues still in that opinion; and he is no more concern'd at the Speech of *Achilles* now, than he was at that of *Agamemnon* before.

11

et de l'ordre. C'est qu'il n'y a pas d'autre
que l'ordre qui soit à la fois une force et
une volonté. C'est pourquoi l'ordre est la
force et la volonté de Dieu.

三



OBSERVATIONS ON THE TENTH BOOK.

I.



T is observable says *Eustathius*, that the Poet very artfully repairs the loss of the last day by this nocturnal stratagem; and it is plain that such a contrivance was necessary: The Army was dispirited and *Achilles* inflexible; but by the success of this Adventure the scale is turn'd in favour of the *Grecians*.

I I.

VERSE 3. *All but the King, &c.*] Homer here with a very small alteration repeats the verses which begin the second Book: He introduces *Agamemnon* with the same pomp as he did *Jupiter*; he ascribes to him the same watchfulness over Men, as he exercis'd over the Gods, and *Jove* and *Agamemnon* are the only persons awake, while Heaven and Earth are asleep. *Eustathius*.

I I I.

VERSE 7. *Or sends soft Snows.*] Scaliger's Criticism against this passage, that it never lightens and snows at the same time, is sufficiently refuted by expe-

The TENTH BOOK. 43

experience. See *Bosse* of the Epic Poem lib. 3. c. 7. and *Burnes's Note* on this place.

I V.

VERSE 8. *Or bids the brazen throat of War to roar.*] There is something very noble and sublime in this Image: The *vast jaws of War* is an expression that very poetically represents the voraciousness of War, and gives us a lively idea of an insatiate Monster. *Eustathius.*

V.

VERSE 9. *By fits one Flash succeeds, &c.*] It requires some skill in *Homer* to take the chief point of his Similitudes; he has often been misunderstood in that respect, and his Comparisons have frequently been strain'd to comply with the fancies of Commentators. This Comparison which is brought to illustrate the frequency of *Agamemnon's* sighs, has been usually thought to represent in general the groans of the King, whereas what *Homer* had in his view was only the quick succession of them.

V I.

VERSE 13 *Now o'er the fields, &c.*] Aristotle answers a Criticism of some Censurers of *Homer* on this place. They asked how it was that *Agamemnon*, shut up in his Tent in the night, could see the *Trojan Camp* at one view, and the Fleet at another, as the Poet represents it? It is (says Aristotle) only a metaphorical manner of speech; *To cast one's eye*, means but *to reflect upon*, or *to revolve in one's mind*; and that employ'd *Agamemnon's* thoughts in his Tent, which had been the chief object of his eyes the day before.

V I I.

VERSE 19. *He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove.*] I know this action of *Agamemnon* has been taken only

44 OBSERVATIONS ON

only as a common expression of grief, and so indeed it was render'd by *Accius*, as cited by *Tully*, *Tusc. quæst. l. 3. Scindens dolor idem intonsam comam.* But whoever reads the context will, I believe, be of opinion, that *Jupiter* is mention'd here on no other account than as he was apply'd to in the offering of these hairs, in an humble Supplication to the offended Deity who had so lately manifested his anger.

VIII.

VERSE 27. *He rose, and first he cast his mantle round.]* I fancy it will be entertaining to the Reader to observe how well the Poet at all times suits the descriptions to the circumstances of the persons. We must remember that this Book continues the actions of one night; the whole Army is now asleep, and the Poet takes this opportunity to give us a description of several of his Heroes suitable to their proper characters. *Agamemnon* who is every where describ'd as anxious for the good of his People, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preservation. *Menelaus*, for whose sake the *Greeks* had suffer'd so greatly, shares all their misfortunes, and is restless while they are in danger. *Nestor*, a provident, wise old Man, sacrifices his rest even in the extremity of age, to his love for his Country. *Ulysses*, a person next to *Nestor* in wisdom, is ready at the first summons; he finds it hard, while the *Greeks* suffer, to compose himself to sleep, but is easily awak'd to march to its defence: But *Diomed*, who is every where describ'd as a daring Warrior, sleeps unconcern'd at the nearness of the Enemy, and is not awaked without some violence: He is said to be asleep, but he sleeps like a Soldier in compleat Arms.

I could not pass over one circumstance in this place

place in relation to *Nestor*. It is a pleasure to see what care the Poet takes of his favourite Counsellor: He describes him lying in a soft bed, wraps him up in a warm cloak, to preserve his age from the coldness of the night; but *Diomed*, a gallant young Hero, sleeps upon the ground in open air; and indeed every Warrior is dress'd in Arms peculiar to that season: The hide of a Lion or Leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an Enemy, but to meet their Friends in Council. *Eustathius.*

I X.

VERSE 43, *Sends he some Spy? &c.] Menelaus* in this place starts a design which is afterwards proposed by *Nestor* in Council; the Poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one, than from the youth of the other: and that the Valiant would be ready to execute a design, which so venerable a Counsellor had form'd. *Eustathius.*

X.

VERSE 57. *Such wondrous Deeds as Hector's hand, &c.]* We hear *Agamemnon* in this place launching into the praises of a gallant Enemy; but if any one think that he raises the Actions of *Hector* too high, and sets him above *Achilles* himself, this objection will vanish if he considers that he commends him as the bravest of mere Men, but still he is not equal to *Achilles* who was descended from a Goddess. *Agamemnon* undoubtedly had *Achilles* in his thoughts when he says,

Sprung from no God, &c.

But his anger will not let him even name the Man whom he thus obliquely praises.

Eustathius proceeds to observe, that the Poet ascribes

46 OBSERVATIONS on

ascribes the gallant exploits of *Hector* to his piety; and had he not been favour'd by *Jove*, he had not been thus victorious.

He also remarks that there is a double Tautology in this Speech of *Agamemnon*, as οὐδὲν τὸ δεῖξαν μέρησεν μηλιάσθεν, and ἵππος ἵππος. This proceeds from the wonder which the King endeavours to express at the greatness of *Hector's* Actions: He labours to make his words answer the great idea he had conceiv'd of them, and while his mind dwells upon the same object, he falls into the same manner of expressing it. This is very natural to a person in his circumstances, whose thoughts are as it were pent up, and struggle for an utterance.

X I.

VERSE 73. *The paths so many, &c.]* 'Tis plain from this verse, as well as from many others, that the Art of Fortification was in some degree of perfection in *Homer's* days; Here are lines drawn that traverse the Camp ev'ry way; the Ships are drawn up in the manner of a Rampart, and sally Ports made at proper distances, that they might without difficulty either retire or issue out, as the occasion should require. *Eustathius,*

X II.

VERSE 92, *Seek'st thou some Friend or nightly Catinel?*] It has been thought that *Nestor* asks this question upon the account of his Son *Thrasymedes*, who commanded the Guard that night. He seems to be under some apprehension lest he should have remitted the Watch. And it may also be gathered from this passage, that in those times the use of the Watch-word was unknown; because *Nestor* is oblig'd to crowd several Questions together, before he can learn whether *Agamemnon* be a Friend or an Enemy.

The

the TENTH BOOK. 47

The shortness of the questions agrees admirably with the occasion upon which they were made; it being necessary that *Nestor* should be immediately inform'd who he was who pass'd along the Camp: If a Spy, that he might stand upon his Guard; if a Friend, that he might not cause an Alarm to be given to the Army, by multiplying questions. *Eustathius.*

X I I I.

VERSE 96. *To here the wretched Agamemnon stands.] Eustathius observes, that Agamemnon here paints his distress in a very pathetical manner: while the meanest Soldier is at rest, the General wanders about disconsolate, and is superior now in nothing so much as in sorrow; but this sorrow proceeds not from a base abject Spirit, but from a generous disposition; he is not anxious for the loss of his own glory, but for the sufferings of his People: It is a noble sorrow, and springs from a commendable tenderness and humanity.*

X I V.

VERSE 138. *My gen'rous Brother is of gentle kind.] Agamemnon is every where represented as the greatest example of brotherly affection; and he at all times defends Menelaus, but never with more address than now: Nestor had accus'd Menelaus of sloath; the King is his Advocate, but pleads his excuse only in part: He does not entirely acquit him, because he would not contradict so wise a Man as Nestor; nor does he condemn him, because his Brother at this time was not guilty; but he very artfully turns the imputation of Nestor, to the praise of Menelaus; and affirms, that what might seem to be remissness in his character was only a deference to his Authority, and that his seeming inactivity was but an unwillingness to expose his Brother to the rage of the Trojans.*

48. OBSERVATIONS on

unwillingness to act without Command. *Eustathius.*

X V.

VERSE 174. *A wood of Spears stood by, &c.]* The Picture here given us of *Diomed* sleeping in his Arms, with his Soldiers about him, and the Spears sticking upright in the Earth, has a near resemblance to that in the first Book of *Samuel* Ch. 26. v. 7. *Saul lay sleeping within the Trench, and his Spear stuck in the ground at his bolster, but Abner and the People lay round about him.*

X V I.

VERSE 181. *From yon' Hill the Foe. &c.]* It is necessary, if we would form an exact idea of the Battels of *Homer*, to carry in our minds the place where each Action was fought. It will therefore be proper to enquire where that eminence stood, upon which the *Trojans* encamp'd this night. *Eustathius* is inclinable to believe it was *Callicolone*, (the situation of which you will find in the Map of *Homer's* Battels) but it will appear from what *Dolon* says, v. 415. (of *Hector's* being encamp'd at the Monument of *Iulus*) that this eminence must be the *Tumulus* on which that Monument was situate, and so the old Scholiast rightly explains it.

X V I I.

VERSE 194. *But now the last despair surrounds our Host.]* The different behaviour of *Nestor* upon the same occasion, to different Persons, is worthy observation: *Agamemnon* was under a concern and dejection of spirit from the danger of his Army: To raise his courage, *Nestor* gave him hopes of success, and represented the state of affairs in the most favourable view. But he applies himself to *Diomed*, who is at all times enterprizing and incapable

the TENTH BOOK. 49

pable of despair , in a far different manner: He turns the darkest side to him , and gives the worst prospect of their condition. This conduct (says *Eustathius*) shews a great deal of prudence : 'tis the province of Wisdom to encourage the dishearten'd with hopes, and to qualify the forward courage of the daring with fears ; that the valour of the one may not sink thro' despair, nor that of the other fly out into rashness.

X V I I I . I.

VERSE 207. *And now the Chiefs approach the nightly Guard.]* It is usual in Poetry to pass over little circumstances, and carry on the greater. *Menelaus* in this book was sent to call some of the Leaders; the Poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the trivial particulars of his performing his message , but lets us know by the sequel that he had performed it. It would have clogg'd the poetical narration to have told us how *Menelaus* waked the Heroes to whom he was dispatched, and had been but a repetition of what the Poet had fully describ'd before: He therefore (says the same Author) drops these particularities, and leaves them to be supply'd by the Imagination of the Reader. 'Tis so in Painting , the Painter does not always draw at the full length, but leaves what is wanting to be added by the fancy of the beholder.

X I X.

VERSE 211. *So faithful Dogs, &c.]* This Simile is in all its parts just to the Description it is meant to illustrate. The Dogs represent the Watch, the Flock the *Greeks*, the Fold their Camp , and the wild Beast that invades them, *Hector*. The place, posture, and circumstance , are painted with the utmost life and nature.

50 OBSERVATIONS on

Eustathius takes notice of one particular in this Description, which shews the manner in which their Centinels kept the Guard. The Poet tells us, that they *sate down with their Arms in their hands*. I think that this was not so prudent a Method as is now used; it being almost impossible for a Man that stands, to drop asleep, whereas one that is seated may easily be overpower'd by the fatigue of a long Watch. *Eustathius.*

X X.

VERSE 228. *Then o'er the Trench the following Princes led.]* The reason why *Nestor* did not open the Council within the Trenches, was with a design to encourage the Guards, and those whom he intended to send to enter the *Trojan Camp*. It would have appear'd unreasonable to send others over the Entrenchments upon a hazardous enterprize, and not to have dared himself to set a foot beyond them. This also could not fail of inflaming the courage of the *Grecian Spies*, who would know themselves not to be far from assistance, while so many of the Princes were passed over the Ditch as well as they. *Eustathius.*

X X I.

VERSE 241. *Is there (he said) a Chief so greatly brave?] Nestor* proposes his design of sending Spies into the *Trojan Army* with a great deal of address: He begins with a general sentence, and will not choose any one Hero, for fear of disgusting the rest: Had *Nestor* named the person, he would have paid him a complement that was sure to be attended with the hazard of his life; and that person might have believ'd that *Nestor* expos'd him to a danger, which his Honour would not let him decline; while the rest might have resented such a partiality, which would

would have seem'd to give the preference to another before them. It therefore was Wisdom in *Nestor* to propose the design in general terms, whereby all the gallant Men that offer'd themselves satisfy'd their Honour, by being willing to share the danger with *Diomed*; and it was no disgrace to be left behind, after they had offer'd to hazard their lives for their Country. *Eustathius.*

X X I I.

VERSE 244. *Or seize some straggling Foe?*] It is worthy observation with how much caution *Nestor* opens this design, and with how much courage *Diomed* accepts it. *Nestor* forms it with coolness, but *Diomed* embraces it with warmth and resolution. *Nestor* only proposes that some Man would approach the Enemy and intercept some straggling *Trojan*, but *Diomed* offers to penetrate the very Camp. *Nestor* was afraid lest no one should undertake it: *Diomed* overlooks the danger, and presents himself, as willing to march against the whole Army of Troy. *Eustathius.*

X X I I I.

VERSE 280. *To Birth or Office no respect be paid.*] *Eustathius* remarks that *Agamemnon* artfully steals away his brother from danger; the fondness he bears to him makes him think him unequal to so bold an enterprize, and prefer his safety to his glory. He farther adds, that the Poet intended to condemn that faulty modesty which makes one sometimes prefer a Nobleman before a person of more real worth. To be greatly born is an happiness, but no merit; whereas personal virtues shew a Man worthy of that greatness to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon these Parties by night, or under-

52 OBSERVATIONS on

take those offices which are now only the task of common Soldiers. *Gideon* in the book of *Judges* (as *Dacier* observes) goes as a Spy into the Camp of *Midian*, tho' he was at that time General of the *Israelites*.

X X I V.

VERSE 288. *Blest in his conduct.]* There requir'd some address in *Diomed* to make his choice without offending the *Grecian* Princes; each of them might think it an indignity to be refus'd such a place of honour. *Diomed* therefore chuses *Ulysses* not because he is braver than the rest, but because he is wiser. This part of his character was allow'd by all the Leaders of the Army; and none of them thought it a despargement to themselves as they were Men of Valour, to see the first place given to *Ulysses* in point of Wisdom. No doubt but the Poet by causing *Diomed* to make this choice, intended to insinuate that Valour ought always to be temper'd with Wisdom, to the end that what is design'd with prudence, may be executed with resolution. *Eustathius.*

X X V.

VERSE 290. *It fits thee not to praise me or to blame.]* The modesty of *Ulysses* in this passage is very remarkable; tho' undoubtedly he deserved to be praised, yet he interrupts *Diomed* rather than he would be a hearer of his own commendation. What *Diomed* spoke in praise of *Ulysses*, was utter'd to justify his choice of him to the Leaders of the Army; otherwise the praise he had given him, would have been no better than flattery. *Eustathius.*

X X V I.

VERSE 294. — *Night rolls the hours away,
The Stars shine fainter on th' Ætherial plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains.]*
It has been objected that *Ulysses* is guilty of a three-fold

fold Tautology, when every word he utter'd shews the necessity of being concise: If the night was nigh spent, there was the less time to lose in Tautologies. But this is so far from being a fault, that it is a beauty: *Ulysses* dwells upon the shortness of the time before the day appears, in order to urge *Diomed* to the greater speed in prosecuting the design. *Eustathius.*

XXXI.

VERSE 297. *But a third remains.]* One ought to take notice with how much exactness Homer proportions his incidents to the time of action: These two books take up no more than the compass of one night; and this design could not have been executed in any other part of it. The Poet had before told us, that all the plain was enlightned by the fires of *Troy*, and consequently no Spy could pass over to their Camp, till they were almost sunk and extinguish'd, which could not be till near the Morning.

'Tis observable that the Poet divides the night into three parts, from whence we may gather, that the *Grecians* had three watches during the night: The first and second of which were over, when *Diomed* and *Ulysses* set out to enter the Enemy's Camp. *Eustathius.*

XXXII.

VERSE 300. *A two-edg'd faulchion Thrasymed the brave, &c.]* It is a very impertinent remark of *Scaliger*, that *Diomed* should not have gone from his Tent without a sword. The Expedition he now goes upon could not be foreseen by him at the time he rose: He was awak'd of a sudden, and sent in haste to call some of the Princes: Besides, he went but to Council, and even then carry'd his Spear with him, as *Homer* had already inform'd us.

54 OBSERVATIONS on

I think if one were to study the Art of cavilling, there would be more occasion to blame *Virgil* for what *Scaliger* praises him, giving a sword to *Euryalus* when he had one before, *An.* 9. *l. 303.*

X X I X.

VERSE 302. *Then in a leathern Helm.]* It may not be improper to observe how conformably to the design the Poet arms these two Heroes; *Ulysses* has a bow and arrows, that he might be able to wound the Enemy at a distance, and so retard his flight till he could overtake him; and for fear of a discovery, *Diomed* is arm'd with an helmet of leather, that the glittering of it might not betray him. *Eustathius.*

There is some resemblance in this whole story to that of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* in *Virgil*: and as the Heroes are here successful, and in *Virgil* unfortunate, it was perhaps as great an instance of *Virgil's* judgment to describe the unhappy Youth in a glittering helmet, which occasion'd his discovery, as it was in *Homer* to arm his successful one in the contrary manner.

X X X.

VERSE 308. *A well-prov'd casque.]* Mr. *Barnes* has a pretty remark on this place, that it was probably from this description, $\pi\tilde{\eta}\lambda\sigma\alpha\epsilon\nu\pi\epsilon$, that the ancient Painters and Tragic Poets constantly represented *Ulysses* with the *Pileus* on his head; but this particularity could not be preserved with any grace in the Translation.

X X X I.

VERSE 312. *This from Amyntor, &c.]* The succession of this Helmet descending from one Hero to another, is imitated by *Virgil* in the story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*.

Eury-

the TENTH BOOK. 55

*Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, & aurea bullis
Cingula, Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim
Quae mittit dona, hospitio cum jungeret absens
Ceducus, ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti.
Post mortem bello Rutuli pugnamque potiti.*

It was anciently a custom to make these military presents to brave Adventurers. So Jonathan in the first book of Samuel, *stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David; and his garments, even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle Ch. 18.*
N. 4.

X X X I I.

VERSE 325. *Ulysses --- hail'd the glad Omen.]* This passage sufficiently justifies Diomed for his choice of Ulysses: Diomed, who was most renown'd for valour, might have given a wrong interpretation to this Omen, and so have been discourag'd from proceeding in the attempt. For tho' it really signify'd, that as the bird was not seen, but only heard by the sound of its wings, so they should not be discover'd by the Trojans, but perform actions which all Troy should hear with sorrow; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they discovered the bird by the noise of its wings, so they should be betray'd by the noise they should make in the Trojan Army. The reason why Pallas does not send the bird that is sacred to her self, but the Heron, is because it is a bird of prey, and denoted that they should spoil the Trojans. *Eustathius.*

X X X I I I.

VERSE 355 *Thro' dust, thro' blood, &c.]* Xenophon has imitated this passage; but what the Poet gives us in one line, the Historian protracts into several sentences. "Ἐπειδὴ ἐλαγέσην μάχην, περῆν οἶεν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἱματί πεφυγέντην, "When the Battel was

56 OBSERVATIONS on

" over , one might behold the ground dy'd red
 " with blood , and cover'd with the dead ; spears
 " broken , and drawn swords , some on the ground ,
 " some in the bodies of the slain . *Eustathius.*

X X X I V .

VERSE 356. *Nor less bold Hector , &c.]* It is the remark of *Eustathius* , that Homer sends out the *Trojan Spy* in this place in a very different manner from the *Grecian* ones before . Having been very particular in describing the Council of the *Greeks* , he avoids tiring the Reader here with parallel circumstances , and passes it in general terms . In the first , a wise old Man proposes the Adventure with an air of deference ; in the second , a brave young Man with an air of authority . The one promises a small gift , but very honourable and certain ; the other a great one , but uncertain and less honourable , because 'tis given as a reward . So that *Diomed* and *Ulysses* are inspired with the love of glory , *Dolon* is possest with a thirst of gain : They proceed with a sage and circumspect Valour , he with rashness and vanity ; they go in conjunction , he alone ; they cross the fields out of the road , he follows the common track . In all this there is a contraste that is admirable , and a Moral that strikes every Reader at first sight .

X X X V .

VERSE 371. Dolon *his name.]* 'Tis scarce to be conceiv'd with what conciseness the Poet has here given us the name , the fortunes , the pedigree , the office , the shape , the swiftness of *Dolon* . He seems to have been eminent for nothing so much as for his wealth , tho' undoubtedly he was by place one of the first rank in *Troy* : *Hector* summons him to this Assembly amongst the Chiefs of *Troy* ; nor was

the TENTH BOOK. 57

was he unknown to the *Greeks*, for *Diomed* immediately after he had seiz'd him, calls him by his name. Perhaps being an Herald, he had frequently pass'd between the Armies in the execution of his office.

The Ancients observ'd upon this place, that it was the office of *Dolon* which made him offer himself to *Hector*. The Sacred character gave him hopes that they would not violate his person, should he happen to be taken; and his riches he knew were sufficient to purchase his liberty; besides all which advantages, he had hopes from his swiftness to escape any Pursuers. *Eustathius.*

X X X V I.

VERSE 374. *Not blest by Nature with the charms of face.]* The original is,

"Ος δύ τοι εἶδος μήν ἔη κακός, οὐλά ποδόκης.

Which some ancient Criticks thought to include a contradiction, because the Man who is ill-shap'd can hardly be swift in running; taking the word *eidos* as apply'd in general to the air of the whole person. But *Aristotle* acquaints us that word was as proper in regard to the face only, and that it was usual with the *Cretans* to call a Man with a handsome face, *εὐειδῆς*. So that *Dolon* might want a good face, and yet be well-shap'd enough to make an excellent Racer. *Poet. c. 26.*

X X X V I I.

VERSE 380. *Swear to grant me, &c.]* It is evident from this whole narration, that *Dolon* was a Man of no worth or courage; his covetousness seems to be the sole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas *Diomed* neither desir'd any reward, nor when promis'd, requir'd any assurance of it; *Dolon* demands an oath, and will not trust

58 OBSERVATIONS on

the promise of *Hector*; he every where discovers a base spirit, and by the sequel it will appear, that this vain boaster instead of discovering the Army of the Enemy, becomes a Traytor to his own, *Eustathius*.

X X X V I I I.

VERSE 381. *Th' immortal Coursers, and the glis'ring Car.]* *Hector* in the foregoing Speech promises the best Horses in the Grecian Army, as a reward to any one who would undertake what he propos'd. *Dolon* immediately demands those of *Achilles*, and confines the general prothise of *Hector* to the particular Horses of that brave Hero.

There is something very extraordinary in *Hector's* taking a solemn oath, that he will give the Chariots and Steeds of *Achilles* to *Dolon*. The Ancients, says *Eustathius*, knew not whose vanity most to wonder at, that of *Dolon*, or *Hector*; the one for demanding this, or the other for promising it. Tho' we may take notice, that *Virgil* lik'd this extravagance so well as to imitate it, where *Ascanius* (without being asked) promises the Horses and Armour of *Turnus* to *Nisus*, on his undertaking a like enterprize.

*Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
Aureus; ipsum illum, clypeum cristaque rubentes
Excipiam sorti, jam nunc tua pramia, Nise.*

Unless one should think the rashness of such a promise better agreed with the ardour of this youthful Prince, than with the character of an experienc'd Warrior like *Hector*.

X X X I X.

VERSE 420. — *Such the space between, As when
two Teams of Mules, &c.]* I wonder *Eustathius* takes no notice of the manner of ploughing used by the Ancients,

ancients, which is describ'd in these verses, and of which we have the best account from *Dacier*. She is not satisfied with the explanation given by *Didymus*, that *Homer* meant the space which Mules by their swiftness gain upon Oxen that plow in the same field. "The *Grecians* (says she) did not plow in "the manner now in use. They first broke up the "ground with Oxen, and then plow'd it more "lightly with Mules. When they employed two "plows in a field, they measured the space they "could plow in a day, and set their plows at the "two ends of that space, and those plows procee- "ded toward each other. This intermediate space "was constantly fix'd, but less in proportion for "two plows of Oxen than for two of Mules; be- "cause Oxen are slower and toil more in a field "that has not been yet turn'd up, whereas Mules "are naturally swifter and make greater speed in a "ground that has already had the first plowing. I "therefore believe that what *Homer* calls *ιπέρη*, "is the space left by the Husbandmen between "two plows of Mules which till the same field: "And as this space was so much the greater in a "field already plow'd by Oxen, he adds what he "says of Mules, that they are swifter and fitter "to give the second plowing than Oxen, and there- "fore distinguishes the field so plowed by the epi- "thet of *deep*, *νεύσιος βασιν*: For that space was "certain, of so many acres or perches, and always "larger than in a field as yet untill'd, which being "heavier and more difficult, requir'd the interval "to be so much the less between two plows of "Oxen, because they could not dispatch so much "Work. *Homer* could not have serv'd himself of "a juster comparison for a thing that pass'd in the
" fields;

60 OBSERVATIONS on

" fields; at the same time he shews his experience in
" the Art of Agriculture , and gives his verses a
" most agreeable ornament , as indeed all the ima-
" ges drawn from this Art are peculiarly entertain-
" ning.

This manner of measuring a space of ground by
a comparison from plowing, seems to have been cu-
stomary in those times, from that passage in the first
Book of *Samuel*, Ch. 14. v. 14. *And the first*
slaughter which Jonathan and his Armour-bearers
made, was about twenty Men, within as it were half
a furrow of an Acre of land, which a yoke of Oxen
might plow.

X L.

VERSE 444. *Quiver'd as he stood, &c.]* The Poet here gives us a very lively picture of a person in the utmost agonies of fear: *Dolon's* swiftness forsakes him, and he stands shackled by his cowardice. The very words express the thing he describes by the broken turn of the *Greek* verses. And something like it is aimed at in the *English*.

— ο δέ εστιν πρέποντας τε
Βαμβακίων, ἀργετόν δὲ διὰ τόμη γίνεται ἀδότην
Χλωρὸς ιππαὶ δεῖγε. —

X L I.

VERSE 454. *Be bold, nor fear to die.]* 'Tis observable what caution the Poet here uses in reference to *Dolon*: *Ulysses* does not make him any promise of life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: So that when *Diomed* kills him, he was not guilty of a breach of promise, and the Spy was deceiv'd rather by the art and subtlety of *Ulysses* than by his falsehood. *Dolon's* understanding seems entirely to be disturb'd by his fears; he was so cautious as not to believe a Friend just before without

the TENTH BOOK. 61

an oath, but here he trusts an Enemy without so much as a promise. *Eustathius.*

X L I I.

VERSE 467. *Urg'd me unwilling.]* 'Tis observable that the cowardice of Dolon here betrays him into a falsehood: Tho' *Eustathius* is of opinion that the word in the original means no more than *contrary to my Judgment.*

X L I I I.

VERSE 478. *Where lies encamp'd.]* The night was now very far advanc'd, the morning approach'd, and the two Heroes had their whole design still to execute: *Ulysses* therefore complies with the necessity of the time, and makes his questions very short, tho' at the same time very full. In the like manner when *Ulysses* comes to shew *Diomed* the Chariot of *Rhesus*, he uses a sudden transition without the usual form of speaking.

X L I V.

VERSE 488. *No certain Guards.]* Homer to give an air of probability to this narration, lets us understand that the *Trojan* Camp might easily be enter'd without a discovery, because there were no Centinels to guard it. This might happen partly thro' the security which their late success had thrown them into, and partly thro' the fatigues of the former day. Besides which, Homer gives us another very natural reason, the negligence of the auxiliar Forces, who being Foreigners, had nothing to lose by the Fall of *Troy*.

X L V.

VERSE 489. *Where e'er yon fires ascend.]* This is not to be understood of those fires which *Hector* commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the household fires of the *Trojans*, distinct

62 OBSERVATIONS on

distinct from the Auxiliars. The expression in the original is somewhat remarkable; but implies those People that were natives of Troy; *ισία* and *πόλεως* signifying the same thing. So that *ισίας ιχεῖς* and *πόλεως ιχεῖς*, mean to have houses or hearths in Troy. *Eustathius.*

X L V I.

VERSE 525. *Divides the neck.]* It may seem a piece of barbarity in *Diomed* to kill *Dolon* thus, in the very act of supplicating for mercy. *Eustathius* answers, that it was very necessary that it should be so, for fear, if he had defer'd his death, he might have cry'd out to the *Trojans*, who hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard.

X L V I I.

VERSE 578. *Just then a deathful Dream Minerva sent.]* All the circumstances of this action, the night, *Rhesus* buried in a profound sleep, and *Diomed* with the sword in his hand hanging over the head of that Prince, furnish'd *Homer* with the idea of this fiction, which represents *Rhesus* dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his Enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. This Image is very natural, for a Man in this condition awakes no farther than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. *Eustathius, Dacier.*

X L V I I I.

VERSE 607. *And wakes Hippocoon.]* Apollo's waking the *Trojans* is only an Allegory to imply that the light of the morning awaken'd them. *Eustathius.*

X L I X.

VERSE 624. *Old Nestor first perceiv'd, &c.]* It may with an appearance of reason be ask'd, whence it could be that *Nestor*, whose sense of hearing might be

be suppos'd to be impair'd by his great age, should be the first person among so many youthful Warriors who hears the tread of the Horse's feet at a distance? *Eustathius* answers, that *Nestor* had a particular concern for the safety of *Diomed* and *Ulysses* on this occasion, as he was the person who, by proposing the undertaking, had exposed them to a very signal danger: and consequently his extraordinary care for their preservation, did more than supply the disadvantage of his age. This agrees very well with what immediately follows; for the old Man breaks out into a transport at the sight of them, and in a wild sort of joy asks some questions, which could not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that happy surprize. *Eustathius.*

L.

VERSE 656. Of Thracian Lineage, &c.] It is observable, says *Eustathius*, that *Homer* in this place unravels the series of this night's exploits, and inverts the order of the former narration. This is partly occasion'd by a necessity of *Nestor*'s enquiries, and partly to relate the same thing in a different way, that he might not tire the Reader with an exact repetition of what he knew before.

L I.

VERSE 659. And twelve beside, &c.] How comes it to pass that the Poet should here call *Dolon* the thirteenth that was slain, whereas he had already number'd up thirteen besides him? *Eustathius* answers, that he mentions *Rhesus* by himself, by way of eminence. Then coming to recount the *Thracians*, he reckons twelve of 'em; so that taking *Rhesus* separately, *Dolon* will make the thirteenth.

L I I.

VERSE 674. They cleanse their bodies in the Main, &c.]

Wo

64 OBSERVATIONS on

We have here a regimen very agreeable to the simplicity and austerity of the old heroic times. These Warriors plunge into the sea to wash themselves; for the salt water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They afterwards enter into a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, which by softening and moistening the flesh prevents too great a dissipation, and restores the natural strength. *Eustathius.*

L I I I.

VERSE 677. *In due repast, &c.*] It appears from hence with what precision *Homer* distinguishes the time of these Actions. 'Tis evident from this passage, that immediately after their return, it was day-light; that being the time of taking such a repast as is here describ'd.

L I V.

I cannot conclude the Notes to this Book without observing, that what seems the principal beauty of it, and what distinguishes it among all the others, is the liveliness of its paintings: The Reader sees the most natural Night-Scene in the world; he is led step by step with the Adventurers, and made the companion of all their expectations, and uncertainties. We see the very colour of the sky, know the time to a minute, are impatient while the Heroes are arming, our Imagination steals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts, and even to the secret wishes of their hearts sent up to *Minerva*. We are alarmed at the approach of *Dolon*, hear his very footsteps, assist the two Chiefs in pursuing him, and stop just with the spear that arrests him. We are perfectly acquainted with the situation of all the Forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the disposition of *Rhesus* and the *Thracians*,

with

the TENTH BOOK. 65

with the posture of his Chariot and Horses. The marshy spot of ground where *Dolon* is killed, the Tamarisk, or aquatic plants upon which they hang his spoils, and the reeds that are heap'd together to mark the place, are circumstances the most picturesque imaginable. And tho' it must be owned, that the human figures in this piece are excellent, and disposed in the propereft actions; I cannot but confess my opinion, that the chief beauty of it is in the Prospect, a finer than which was never drawn by any pencil.





OBSERVATIONS ON THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

I.



S *Homer's* Invention is in nothing more wonderful than in the great variety of Characters with which his Poems are diversify'd, so his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each Character is maintain'd. But this exactness must be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct thro' the whole: and when the particulars of each character are laid together, we shall find them all proceeding from the same temper and disposition of the person. If this observation be neglected, the Poet's conduct will lose much of its true beauty and harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleasant to the Reader, to consider the Picture of *Agamemnon* drawn by so masterly an hand as that of *Homer* in its full length, after having seen him in several views and lights since the beginning of the Poem.

He is a Master of Policy and Stratagem, and maintains a good understanding with his Council;

which

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 67

which was but necessary considering how many different and independent Nations and interests he had to manage: He seems fully conscious of his own superior authority , and always knows the time when to exert it: He is personally very valiant , but not without some mixture of fierceness : Highly resentful of the injuries done his Family , even more than *Menelaus* himself: Warm both in his passions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his Brother. In short, he is (as Homer himself in another place describes him) both a good King, and a great Warrior.

Αμφότερον, βασιλεὺς τ' αὐτῶν, χαροπός τ' αἰχματίς.
It is very observable how this Hero rises in the eye and esteem of the Reader as the Poem advances: It opens with many circumstances very much to the disadvantage of his character ; he insults the Priest of *Apollo* , and outrages *Achilles*: but in the second book he grows sensible of the effects of his rashness, and takes the fault entirely upon himself: In the fourth he shews himself a skilful Commander , by exhorting , reproving and performing all the offices of a good General: In the eighth he is deeply touch'd by the sufferings of his Army , and makes all the Peoples calamities his own: In the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himself to *Achilles* , and condescends to be the Petitioner , because it is for the publick good: In the tenth, finding those endeavours ineffectual, his concern keeps him the whole night awake , in contriving all possible methods to assist them: And now in the eleventh as it were resolving himself to supply the want of *Achilles*, he grows prodigiously in his valour , and performs wonders in his single person.

Thus we see *Agamemnon* continually winning upon our esteem , as we grow acquainted with him;

68 OBSERVATIONS on

so that he seems to be like that Goddess the Poet describes, who was low at the first, but rising by degrees, at last reaches the very Heavens.

I I.

VERSE 5. *When baleful Eris ; &c.]* With what a wonderful sublimity does the Poet begin this book? He awakens the Reader's curiosity, and sounds an Alarm to the approaching Battel. With what magnificence does he usher in the deeds of *Agamemnon*: He seems for a while to have lost all view of the main Battel, and lets the whole action of the Poem stand still, to attend the motions of this single Hero. Instead of an Herald, he brings down a Goddess to inflame the Army; instead of a Trumpet or such warlike Musick, *Juno* and *Minerva* thunder over the field of Battel: *Jove* rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from such a scène of horrors.

By the Goddess *Eris* is meant that ardour and impatience for the Battel which now inspir'd the *Grecian* Army: They who just before were almost in despair, now burn for the fight, and breath nothing but War. *Eustathius.*

I I I.

VERSE 14. *Orthian Song.]* This a kind of an *Odaic* Song, invented and sung on purpose to fire the soul to noble deeds in War. Such was that of *Timotheus* before *Alexander the Great*, which had such an influence upon him, that he leap'd from his seat and laid hold on his Arms. *Eustathius.*

I V.

VERSE 26. *King Cinyras.]* 'Tis probable this passage of *Cinyras* King of *Cyprus* alludes to a true History; and what makes it the more so, is that this Island was famous for its Mines of several metals. *Eustathius.*

V.

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 69

V.

VERSE 35. *Arching bow'd, &c.] Eustathius observes, that the Poet intended to represent the bending figure of these Serpents, as well as their colour, by comparing them to Rainbows. Dacier observes here how close a parallel this passage of Homer bears to that in Genesis, where God tells Noah, I have set my Bow in the clouds, that it may be for a sign of the Covenant between me and the Earth.*

V I.

VERSE 63. *The Foot, and those who wield The lighter Arms, rush forward.] Here we see the Order of Battel is inverted, and opposite to that which Nestor proposed in the fourth book: For it is the Cavalry which is there sustain'd by the Infantry; here the Infantry by the Cavalry. But to deliver my opinion, I believe it was the nearness of the Enemy that obliged Agamemnon to change the disposition of the Battel: He would break their Battalions with his Infantry, and complete their defeat by his Cavalry, which should fall upon the flyers. Dacier.*

V II.

VERSE 70. *Red drops of blood.] These Prodigies with which Homer embellishes his Poetry, are the same with those which History relates, not as ornaments, but as truths. Nothing is more common in History than showers of blood; and Philosophy gives us the reason of them: The two Battels which had been fought on the plains of Troy, had so drench'd them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhal'd in vapours and carry'd into the air, and being there condens'd, fall down again in dews and drops of the same colour. Eustathius,*

VIII.

VERSE 83. *As the red Star.*] We have just seen at full length the Picture of the General of the Greeks: Here we see *Hector* beautifully drawn in Miniature. This proceeded from the great judgment of the Poet: 'twas necessary to speak fully of *Agamemnon*, who was to be the chief Hero of this Battel, and briefly of *Hector*, who had so often been spoken of at large before. This is an Instance that the Poet well knew when to be concise, and when to be copious. It is impossible that any thing should be more happily imagin'd than this Similitude: It is so lively, that we see *Hector* sometimes shining in Arms at the head of his Troops: and then immediately lose sight of him, while he retires in the ranks of the Army. *Eustathius.*

IX.

VERSE 89. *As sweating Reapers.*] 'Twill be necessary for the understanding of this Similitude, to explain the method of mowing in Homer's days: They mowed the same manner as they plowed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided, and proceeding till they met in the middle of it. By this means they rais'd an emulation between both parties, which should finish their share first. If we consider this custom, we shall find it a very happy Comparison to the two Armies advancing against each other, together with an exact resemblance in every circumstance the Poet intended to illustrate.

X.

VERSE 119. *What time in some sequester'd vale The weary Woodman, &c.*] One may gather from hence, that in Homer's time they did not measure the day by hours, but by the progression of the Sun; and distin-

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 71

distinguish'd the parts of it by the most noted employments, as in the 12 of the *Odysses*, v. 439: from the rising of the Judges, and here from the dining of the Labourer.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the Reader to see a general account of the mensuration of Time among the Ancients, which I shall take from *Spondanus*. At the beginning of the World it is certain there was no distinction of Time but by the light and darkness, and the whole day was included in the general terms of the evening and the morning. *Munster* makes a pretty observation upon this custom: Our long-liv'd Forefathers (says he) had not so much occasion to be exact observers how the day pass'd, as their trailer Sons, whose shortness of life makes it necessary to distinguish every part of time, and suffer none of it to slip away without their observation.

It is not improbable but that the *Chaldeans*, many Ages after the Flood, were the first who divided the day into hours; they being the first who applied themselves with any success to Astrology. The most ancient Sun-dial we read of is that of *Achaz*, mention'd in the second book of Kings, Ch. 20. about the time of the building of *Rome*: But as these were of no use on clouded days and in the night, there was another invention of measuring the parts of time by water: but that not being sufficiently exact, they laid it aside for another by sand.

"Tis certain the use of Dials was earlier among the Greeks than the Romans; 'twas above three hundred years after the building of *Rome* before they knew any thing of them; But yet they had divided the day and night into twenty four hours, as

72 OBSERVATIONS on

appears from *Varro* and *Macrobius*, tho' they did not count the hours as we do, numerically, but from midnight to midnight; and distinguish'd them by particular names, as by the Cock crowing, the Dawn, the Midday, &c. The first Sun-dial we read of among the *Romans*, which divided the day into hours, is mention'd by *Pliny*, lib. 1. cap. 20. fixt upon the Temple of *Quirinus* by *L. Papyrius* the Censor, about the 12th year of the Wars with *Pyrthus*. But the first that was of any use to the publick was set up near the *Rostra* in the *Forum* by *Valerius Messala* the Consul, after the taking of *Catana* in *Sicily*; from whence it was brought thirty years after the first had been set up by *Papyrius*; but this was still an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly corresponding with the several hours. Yet they made use of it many years, till *Q. Marcius Philippus* placed another by it greatly improved. But these had still one common defect of being useless in the night, and when the skies were overcast. All these Inventions being thus ineffectual, *Scipio Nasica* some years afterwards measur'd the day and night into hours from the dropping of water.

Yet near this time, it may be gather'd that Sun-dials were very frequent in *Rome*, from a Fragment preserv'd by *Aulus Gellius* and ascrib'd to *Plautus*: The lines are so beautiful, that I cannot deny the Reader the satisfaction of seeing them. They are supposed to be spoken by an hungry Parasite, upon a sight of one of these Dials.

*Ut illum Dii perdant, primus qui horas repperit;
Quique adeo primus statuit heic solarium:
Qui mihi comminuit misero, articulatim, diem!
Nam me puero uterus hic erat solarium,
Mulso omnium istorum optimum & verissimum,*

*Ubi iste monebat esse, nisi cum nihil erat.
Nunc etiam quod est, non est, nisi Soli lubet:
Itaque adeo jam oppletum est oppidum solariis,
Major pars populi aridi reptant fame.*

We find frequent mention of the *Hours* in the course of this Poem; but to prevent any mistake, it may not be improper to take notice, that they must always be understood to mean the seasons, and not the division of the day by hours.

X I.

VERSE 125. *The Greeks impulsive might.]* We had just before seen that all the Gods were withdrawn from the Battel; that *Jupiter* was resolv'd even against the inclinations of them all to honour the *Trojans*: Yet we here see the *Greeks* breaking thro' them. The love the Poet bears to his Countrymen makes him aggrandize their valour, and overrule even the decrees of Fate. To vary his Battels, he supposes the Gods to be absent this day; and they are no sooner gone, but the courage of the *Greeks* prevails, even against the determination of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius.*

X I I.

VERSE 135. *Naked to the Sky.]* *Eustathius* refines upon this place, and believes that *Homer* intended, by particularizing the whiteness of the limbs, to ridicule the effeminate education of these unhappy Youths. But as such an interpretation may be thought below the Majesty of an Epic Poem, and a kind of barbarity to insult the unfortunate, I thought it better to give the passage an air of compassion. As the words are equally capable of either meaning, I imagin'd the Reader would be more pleas'd with the humanity of the one, than with the satyr of the other.

74 OBSERVATIONS ON
XIII.

VERSE 143. *These on the Mountains once Achille found.] Homer, says Eustathius, never lets any opportunity pass of mentioning the Hero of his Poem, Achilles : He gives here an instance of his former resentment, and at once varies his Poetry, and exalts his Character. Nor does he mention him cursorily; he seems unwilling to leave him ; and when he pursues the thread of the Story in a few lines, takes occasion to speak again of him. This is a very artful conduct ; by mentioning him so frequently, he takes care that the Reader should not forget him, and shews the importance of that Hero, whose Anger is the subject of his Poem. Eustathius.*

XIV.

VERSE 181. *Antimachus, who once in Council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my Brother's blood.]*
"Tis observable that Homer with a great deal of art interweaves the true History of the Trojan War in his Poem : He here gives a circumstance that carries us back from the tenth year of the War to the very beginning of it. So that altho' the Action of the Poem takes up but a small part of the last year of the War, yet by such incidents as these we are taught a great many particulars that happen thro' the whole series of it. *Eustathius.*

XV.

VERSE 188. *Lopp'd his hands away.] I think one cannot but compassionate the fate of these Brothers, who suffer for the sins of their Father ; notwithstanding the justice which the Commentators find in this action of Agamemnon. And I can much less imagine that his cutting off their hands was meant for an express example against Bribery, in revenge for the Gold which Antimachus had received from Paris.*

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 75

Paris. *Eustathius* is very refining upon this point; but the grave *Spondanus* out-does them all, who has found there was an excellent conceit in cutting off the hands and head of the Son; the first, because the Father had been for laying hands on the Grecian Embassadors; and the second, because it was from his head that the advice proceeded of detaining *Helena*.

X V I.

VERSE 193. *Now by the Foot the flying Foot, &c.c.]* After *Homer* with a poetical justice has punish'd the Sons of *Antimachus* for the crimes of the Father; he carries on the narration, and presents all the terrors of the Battel to our view: We see in the lively description the Men and Chariots overthrown, and hear the tramplings of the Horses feet. Thus the Poet very artfully by such sudden alarms awakens the attention of the Reader, that is apt to be tired and grow remiss by a plain and more cool narration.

X V I I.

VERSE 197. *The Brass-hoof'd Steeds.]* *Eustathius* observes that the custom of shoeing Horses was in use in *Homer's* time, and calls the shoes *σεληνία* from the figure of an Half-Moon.

X V I I I.

VERSE 212. *More grateful, now, to Vulturs than their Wives.]* This is a reflection of the Poet, and such an one as arises from a sentiment of compassion: and indeed there is nothing more moving than to see those Heroes, who were the love and delight of their Spouses, reduc'd suddenly to such a condition of horror, that their very Wives dare not look upon them. I was very much surprized to find a remark of *Eustathius* upon this, which seems very

very wrong and unjust; He would have it that there is in this place an *Ellipsis*, which comprehends a severe raillery: " For, says he, *Homer* would imply " that those dead Warriors were now more agreeable to Vulturs, than they had ever been in all " their days to their Wives. This is very ridiculous; to suppose that these unhappy Women did not love their Husbands, is to insult them barbarously in their affliction; and every body can see that such a thought in this place would have appear'd mean, frigid, and out of season. *Homer* always endeavours to excite compassion by the grief of the Wives, whose Husbands are kill'd in the battel *Dacier*.

X I X.

VERSE 217. *Now past the Tomb where ancient Ilus lay.]* By the exactness of *Homer's* description we see as in a Landscape the very place where this Battel was fought. *Agamemnon* drives the *Trojans* from the Tomb of *Ilus*, where they encamp'd all the night; that Tomb stood in the middle of the plain: From thence he pursues them by the wild Fig-Tree to the Beech-Tree, and from thence to the very *Scaean Gate*. Thus the Scene of Action is fix'd, and we see the very rout through which the one retreats and the other advances. *Eustathius*.

X X.

VERSE 241. *Iris with haste thy golden wings display.]* 'Tis evident that some such contrivance as this was necessary; The *Trojans*, we learn from the beginning of this book, were to be victorious this day: But if *Jupiter* had not now interpos'd, they had been driven even within the Walls of *Troy*. By this means also the Poet consults both for the honour of *Hector* & that of *Agamemnon*. *Agamemnon*

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 77

non has time enough to shew the greatness of his valour, and it is no disgrace to *Hector* not to encounter him when *Jupiter* interposes.

Eustathius observes, that the Poet gives us here a sketch of what is drawn out at large in the Story of this whole Book: This he does to raise the curiosity of the Reader, and make him impatient to hear those great actions which must be perform'd before *Agamemnon* can retire, and *Hector* be victorious.

X X I.

VERSE 281. *Ye sacred Nine!*] The Poet to win the attention of the Reader, and seeming himself to be struck with the exploits of *Agamemnon* while he recites them, (who when the Battel was rekindled, rushes out to engage his Enemies) invokes not one Muse as he did in the beginning of the Poem; but as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate something surprizing, he invokes the whole Nine; and then as if he had received their Inspiration, goes on to deliver what they suggested to him. By means of this Apostrophe, the imagination of the Reader is so fill'd, that he seems not only present, but active in the scene to which the skill of the Poet has transported him. *Eustathius.*

X X I I.

VERSE 283. *Iphidamas the bold and young.*] *Homēr* here gives us the history of this *Iphidamas*, his Parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumstances of his private life. This he does to diversify his Poetry, and to soften with some amiable embellishments the continual horrors that must of necessity strike the imagination in an uninterrupted narration of blood and slaughter. *Eustathius.*

78 OBSERVATIONS ON

XXXIII.

VERSE 290. *Theano's Sister.*] That the Reader may not be shock'd at the marriage of *Iphidamas* with his Mother's Sister, it may not be amiss to observe from *Eustathius*, that Consanguinity was no impediment in *Greece* in the days of *Homer*: Nor is *Iphidamas* singular in this kind of marriage, for *Diomed* was married to his own Aunt as well as he.

XXXIV.

VERSE 349. *The fierce Ilythiæ.*] These *Ilythiæ* are the Goddesses that *Homer* supposes to preside over Child-birth: He arms their hands with a kind of an Instrument, from which a pointed dart is shot into the distressed Mother, as an arrow is from a bow: So that as *Eris* has her torch, and *Jupiter* his Thunder, these Goddesses have their darts which they shoot into women in travail. He calls them the Daughters of *Juno*, because she presides over the Marriage-bed. *Eustathius*. Here (says *Dacier*) we find the style of the holy Scripture, which to express a severe pain, usually compares it to that of women in labour. Thus *David*. *Pain came upon them as upon a woman in travail;* and *Isaiah*, *They shall grieve as a woman in travail;* and all the Prophets are full of the like expressions.

XXXV.

VERSE 358. *To angry Jove forbids your Chief to stay.*] *Eustathius*'s remarks upon the behaviour of *Agamemnon* in his present distress: *Homer* describes him as rack'd with almost intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguish he suffers, but that he is obliged to retire from the Fight.

This indeed at it prov'd his undaunted spirit, so did it likewise his wisdom: Had he shew'd any unmanly dejection, it would have dispirited the Army; but

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 79

but his intrepidity makes them believe his wound less dangerous, and renders them not so highly concern'd for the absence of their General.

X X V I.

VERSE 388. *Say, Muse, when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd.]* The Poet just before has given us an Invocation of the Muses, to make us attentive to the great exploits of *Agamemnon*. Here we have one with regard to *Hector*; but this last may perhaps be more easily accounted for than the other. For in that, after so solemn an Invocation, we might reasonably have expected wonders from the Hero: whereas in reality he kills but one Man before he himself is wounded; and what he does afterwards seems to proceed from a frantic valour, arising from the smart of the wound: We do not find by the text that he kills one Man, but overthrows several in his fury, and then retreats: So that one would imagine he invoked the Muses only to describe his retreat.

But upon a nearer view, we shall find that *Homēr* shews a commendable partiality to his own Countryman and Hero *Agamemnon*: He seems to detract from the greatness of *Hector's Actions*, by ascribing them to *Jupiter*; whereas *Agamemnon* conquers by the dint of bravery: And that this is a just observation, will appear by what follows. Those Greeks that fall by the sword of *Hector*, he passes over as if they were all vulgar men: He says nothing of them but that they dy'd; and only briefly mentions their names, as if he endeavour'd to conceal the overthrow of the *Greeks*. But when he speaks of his favourite General *Agamemnon*, he expatiates and dwells upon his actions; and shews us, that those that fell by his hand were all men of distinction,

80 OBSERVATIONS on

ction, such as were the Sons of *Priam*, of *Antenor*, and *Antimachus*. 'Tis true, *Hector* kill'd as many Leaders of the *Greeks* as *Agamemnon* of the *Trojans*, and more of the common Soldiers; but by particularizing the deaths of the Chiefs of *Troy*, he sets the deeds of *Agamemnon* in the strongest point of light, and by his silence in respect to the Leaders whom *Hector* slew, he casts a shade over the greatness of the action, and consequently it appears less conspicuous.

X X V I I.

VERSE 406. *But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth.*] There is something instructive in the most seemingly common passages of *Homer*, who by making the wise *Ulysses* direct the brave *Diomed* in all enterprizes of the last book, and by maintaining the same conduct in this, intended to shew this moral, that Valour should always be under the guidance of Wisdom: Thus in the eighth book when *Diomed* could scarce be restrain'd by the Thunder of *Jupiter*, *Nestor* is at hand to moderate his courage; and this Hero seems to have made a very good use of those instructions; his Valour no longer runs out into rashness, tho' he is too brave to decline the fight, yet he is too wise to fight against *Jupiter*.

X X V I I I.

VERSE 447. *Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear.*] There seems to be some difficulty in these words: This brave Warrior, who has frequently met *Hector* in the battel, and offer'd himself for the single combat, is here said to be seiz'd with fear at the very sight of him: This may be thought not to agree with his usual behaviour, and to derogate from the general character of his intrepidity: But we must remember, that *Diomed* himself

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 81

self has but just told us, that *Jupiter* fought against the *Grecians*; and that all the endeavours of himself and *Ulysses* would be in vain: This fear therefore of *Diomed* is far from being dishonourable: it is not *Hector*, but *Jupiter* of whom he is afraid. *Eustathius.*

X X I X.

VERSE 477. *Ilus' Monument.*] I thought it necessary to put the Reader in mind that the Battel still continues near the Tomb of *Ilus*: By a just observation of that, we may with pleasure see the various turns of the fight, and how every step of ground is won or lost as the Armies are repuls'd or victorious.

X X X.

VERSE 480. *Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
To seize, and draw the corslet from his breast.*] One would think that the Poet at all times endeavour'd to condemn the practice of stripping the dead, during the heat of action: He frequently describes the Victor wounded, while he is so employ'd about the bodies of the slain: Thus in the present book we see *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, *Ulysses*, *Elphenor*, and *Eurypylus*, all suffer as they strip the Men they slew: and in the sixth book he brings in the wise *Nestor* directly forbidding it. *Eustathius.*

X X X I.

VERSE 483. *But pierc'd his foot.*] It cannot but be a satisfaction to the Reader to see the Poet smitten with the love of his Country, and at all times consulting its honour. This day was to be glorious to *Troy*, but *Homer* takes care to remove with honour most of the bravest *Greeks* from the field of battel, before the *Trojans* can conquer. Thus *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Ulysses* must bleed, before

the Poet can allow his Countrymen to retreat. *Eustathius.*

XXXII.

VERSE 484. *The laughing Trojan.] Eustathius* is of opinion that the Poet intended to satyrize in this place the unwarlike behaviour of *Paris*: Such an effeminate laugh and gesture is unbecoming a brave Warrior, but agrees very well with the character of *Paris*: He is before said to be more delighted with the soft amorous Lyre, than with the warlike sound of the battel: Nor do I remember that in the whole *Iliad* any one person is describ'd in such an indecent transport, tho' upon a much more glorious or successful action. He concludes his ludicrous insult with a circumstance very much to the honour of *Diomed*, and very much to the disadvantage of his own character, who reveals to an enemy the fears of *Troy*, and compares the *Greeks* to Lions, and the *Trojans* to sheep. *Diomed* is the very reverse of him; he despises and lessens the wound he receiv'd, and in the midst of his pain, would not gratify his Enemy with the little joy he might give him by letting him know it.

XXXIII.

VERSE 513. *And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.]* This is a passage which very much strikes me: We have here a brave Hero making a noble Soliloquy, or rather calling a Council within himself, when he was singly to encounter an Army: 'Tis impossible for the Reader not to be in pain for so gallant a Man in such an imminent danger; he must be impatient for the event, and his whole curiosity must be awaken'd till he knows the fate of *Ulysses*, who scorn'd to fly, tho' encompass'd by an Army.

X X X I V.

VERSE 550. By Pallas' care.] It is a just observation, that there is no moral so evident, or so constantly carry'd on through the Iliad, as the necessity Mankind at all times has of divine assistance. Nothing is perform'd with success, without particular mention of this; *Hector* is not sav'd from a dart without *Apollo*, or *Ulysses* without *Minerva*. Homer is perpetually acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and ascribing to that only all the Victories, Triumphs, rewards, or punishments of Men. Thus the grand moral he laid down at the entrance of his Poem, Διὸς δὲ τελέσθο θελή, *The Will of God was fulfill'd*, runs thro' his whole work, and is with a most remarkable care and conduct put into the mouths of his greatest and wisest persons on every occasion.

Homer generally makes some peculiar God attend on each Hero: For the Ancients believ'd that every Man had his particular tutelary Deity; these in succeeding times were called *Demons* or *Genii*, who (as they thought) were given to Men at the hour of their birth, and directed the whole course of their lives. See *Cebes's Tablet*. *Menander*, as he is cited by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, styles them μυστηρίων βίαι, *the invisible Guides of life*.

X X X V.

VERSE 566. Fam'd Son of Hippasus.] Homer has been blam'd by some late Censurers for making his Heroes address discourses to the dead. Passion (says Daier) dictates these Speeches, and it is generally to the dying, not to the dead, that they are address'd. However, one may say, that they are often rather reflections than insults. Were it otherwise, Homer deserves not to be censured for feigning what

84 OBSERVATIONS on

Histories have reported as truth. We find in *Plutarch* that *Mark Antony* upon sight of the dead body of *Brutus*, stopp'd and reproach'd him with the death of his Brother *Caius*, whom *Brutus* had kill'd in *Macedonia* in revenge for the murder of *Cicero*. I must confess I am not altogether pleas'd with the railleries he sometimes uses to a vanquish'd Warrior, which Inhumanities if spoken to the dying, would I think be yet worse than after they were dead.

X X X V I .

VERSE 572. *And hov'ring Vulturs scream around their prey.]* This is not literally translated, what the Poet says gives us the most lively picture imaginable of the Vulturs in the act of tearing their prey with their bills: They beat the body with their wings as they rend it, which is a very natural circumstance, but scarce possible to be copy'd by a Translator without losing the beauty of it. ¶

X X X V I I .

VERSE 573. *Me Greece shall honour when I mut my doom, With solemn Funerals.—]* We may see from such passages as these that honours paid to the ashes of the dead have been greatly valued in all Ages. This posthumous honour was paid as a publick acknowledgment that the person deceas'd had deserv'd well of his Country, and consequently was an incitement to the living to imitate his actions: In this view there is no Man but would be ambitious of them, not as they are testimonies of titles or riches but of distinguish'd merit.

X X X V I I I .

VERSE 592. *Great Ajax like the God of War attends.]* The silence of other Heroes on many occasions is very beautiful in *Homer*, but peculiarly so in *Ajax*, who is a gallant rough Soldier, and readier to act than

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 85

than to speak: The present necessity of *Ulysses* requir'd such a behaviour, for the least delay might have been fatal to him: *Ajax* therefore complying both with his own Inclinations, and the urgent condition of *Ulysses*, makes no reply to *Menelaus*, but immediately hastens to his relief. The Reader will observe how justly the Poet maintains this character of *Ajax* throughout the whole Iliad, who is often silent when he has an opportunity to speak; and when he speaks, 'tis like a Soldier, with a martial air, and always with brevity. *Eustathius.*

X X X I X.

VERSE 637. *A wise Physician.*] The Poet passes a very signal commendation upon Physicians: The Army had seen several of the bravest of their Heroes wounded, yet were not so much dispirited for them all, as they were at the single danger of *Machaon*: But the person whom he calls a Physician, seems rather to be a Surgeon. The cutting out of arrows, and applying anodynes being the province of the latter: However (as *Eustathius* says) we must conclude that *Machaon* was both a Physician and Surgeon, and that those two professions were practised by one person.

It is reasonable to think from the frequency of their Wars, that the profession in those days was chiefly chirurgical. *Celsus* says expressly that the *Diætic* was long after invented; but that *Botany* was in great esteem and practice, appears from the Stories of *Medea*, *Circe*, &c. We often find mention among the most ancient Writers, of Women eminent in that Art; as of *Agamede* in this very book. v. 740. who is said (like *Solomon*) to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on the Earth, and of *Polydamne* in the fourth book of the *Odyssæis*, v. 227. &c.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of these Arts. His methods of extracting of arrows, stanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and remedies, are all according to the true precepts of art. There are likewise several passages in his works that shew his knowledge of the virtues of Plants, even of those qualities which are commonly (tho' perhaps erroneously) ascribed to them, as of the *Moly* against Enchantments, the Willow which causes barrenness, the *Nepenthe*, &c.

X L.

VERSE 669. *But partial Jove, &c.]* The address of *Homer* in bringing off *Ajax* with decency is admirable: He makes *Hector* afraid to approach him: He brings down *Jupiter* himself to terrify him; so that he retreats not from a Mortal, but a God.

This whole passage is inimitably just and beautiful, we see *Ajax* drawn in the most bold and strong colours, and in a manner alive in the description. Wee see him slowly and sullenly retreat between two Armies, and even with a look repulsing the one, and protecting the other: There is not one line but what resembles *Ajax*; the character of a stubborn but undaunted Warrior is perfectly maintain'd, and must strike the Reader at the first view. He compares him first to the Lion for his undauntedness in fighting, and then to the Ass for his stubborn slowness in retreating; tho' in the latter comparison there are many other points of likeness that enliven the Image: The havock he makes in the field is represented by the tearing and trampling down the harvests; and we see the bulk, strength, and obstinacy of the Hero, when the *Trojans* in respect

respect to him are compared but to troops of Boys
that impotently endeavour to drive him away.

Eustathius is silent as to those objections which have been rais'd against this last Simile, for a pretended want of delicacy: This alone is conviction to me that they are all of a later date: For else he would not have fail'd to have vindicated his favourite Poet in a passage that had been applauded many hundreds of years, and stood the test of Ages.

But Monsieur *Dacier* has done it very well in his Remarks upon *Aristotle*. " In the time of *Homer* " (says that Author) an *Ass* was not in such circumstances of contempt as in ours: The name " of that Animal was not then converted into a term of reproach, but it was a beast upon which Kings and Princes might be seen with dignity. And it will not be very discreet to ridicule this Comparison, which the holy Scripture has put into the mouth of *Jacob*, who says in the benediction of his Children, *Issachar shall be as a strong Ass*. Monsieur *de la Motte* gives up this point, and excuses *Homer* for his choice of this Animal, but is unhappily disgusted at the circumstance of the Boys, and the obstinate gluttony of the *Ass*, which he says are images too mean to represent the determin'd valour of *Ajax*, and the fury of his Enemies. It is answer'd by Madam *Dacier*, that what *Homer* here images it not the gluttony, but the patience, the obstinacy, and strength of the *Ass* (as *Eustathius* had before observ'd.) To judge rightly of Comparisons, we are not to examine if the subject from whence they are deriv'd be great or little, noble or familiar; but we are principally to consider if the image produc'd be clear and lively, if the Poet has the skill to dignify it by poetical words, and

88 OBSERVATIONS on

if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to represent. A company of Boys whipping a Top is very far from a great and noble subject, yet Virgil has not scrupled to draw from it a Similitude which admirably expresses a Princess in the violence of her Passion.

*Ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo,
Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent; ille actus habena
Curvatis fertur spatiis: stupet inscia supra
Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plaga — &c.*

AEn. lib. 7.

However, upon the whole, a Translator owes so much to the taste of the Age in which he lives, as not to make too great a complement to a former; and this induced me to omit the mention of the word *Aſſ* in the Translation. I believe the Reader will pardon me, if on this occasion I transcribe a passage from Mr. Boileau's notes on Longinus.

" There is nothing (says he) that more disgraces
" a Composition than the use of mean and vulgar
" words; insomuch that (generally speaking) a mean
" thought express'd in noble terms, is more toler-
" able than a noble thought express'd in mean ones.
" The reason whereof is, that all the world are not
" capable to judge of the justness and force of a
" thought; but there's scarce any man who cannot,
" especially in a living language, perceive the least
" meanness of words.. Nevertheless very few Wri-
" ters are free from this vice; Longinus accuses He-
" rodotus, the most polite of all the Greek Histo-
" rians, of this defect; and Livy, Salust, and Virgil
" have not escaped the same censure. Is it not
" then very surprizing, that no reproach on this
" account has been ever cast upon Homer? tho' he
" has

" has compos'd two Poems each more voluminous
" than the *Aeneid*; and tho' no Author whatever
" has descended more frequently than he into a
" detail of little particularities. Yet he never uses
" terms which are not noble, or if he uses humble
" words or phrases, it is with so much art and in-
" dustry, that, as *Dionysius* observes, they become
" noble and harmonious. Undoubtedly if there had
" been any cause to charge him with this fault, *Lon-*
" *ginus* had spared him no more than *Herodotus*.
" We may learn from hence the ignorance of those
" modern Criticks, who resolving to judge of the
" Greek without the knowledge of it, and never
" reading *Homer* but in low and inelegant Transla-
" tions, impute the meannesses of his Translators
" to the Poet himself; and ridiculously blame a Man
" who spoke in one language, for speaking what
" is not elegant in another. They ought to know
" that the words of different languages are not al-
" ways exactly correspondent; and it may often
" happen that a word which is very noble in *Greek*,
" cannot be render'd in another tongue but by one
" which is very mean. Thus the word *Asinus* in
" *Latin*, and *Ass* in *English*, are the vilest imagi-
" nable, but that which signifies the same animal
" in *Greek* and *Hebrew*, is of dignity enough to be
" employed on the most magnificent occasions. In
" like manner the terms of a *Hogherd* and *Cowkeeper*
" in our language are insufferable, but those which
" answer to them in *Greek* οὐλέως, and βούλος, are
" graceful and harmonious: and *Virgil* who in his
" own tongue entitled his Eclogs *Bucolica*, would
" have been ashamed to have called them in ours,
" the *Dialogues of Cowkeepers*.

X L I.

VERSE 713. *Back to the Lines the wounded Greek
retir'd.]* We see here almost all the Chiefs of the Grecian Army withdrawn : Nestor and Ulysses , the two great Counsellors ; Agamemnon , Diomed , and Eurypylus , the bravest Warriors ; all retreated : So that now in this necessity of the Greeks , there was occasion for the Poet to open a new scene of action , or else the Trojans had been victorious , and the Grecians driven from the shores of Troy . To shew the distress of the Greeks at this period , from which the Poem takes a new turn , 'twill be convenient to cast a view on the posture of their affairs : All human aid is cut off by the wounds of their Heroes , and all assistance from the Gods forbid by Jupiter : Whereas the Trojans see their General at their head , and Jupiter himself fights on their side . Upon this hinge turns the whole Poem ; the distress of the Greeks occasions first the assistance of Patroclus , and then the death of that Hero draws on the return of Achilles . It is with great Art that the Poet conducts all these incidents : He lets Achilles have the pleasure of seeing that the Greeks were no longer able to carry on the War without his assistance : and upon this depends the great Catastrophe of the Poem . Eustathius .

X L I I.

VERSE 731. *That hour Achilles , &c.]* Tho' the resentment of Achilles would not permit him to be an Actor in the battel , yet his love of War inclines him to be a Spectator : And as the Poet did not intend to draw the character of a perfect Man in Achilles , he makes him delighted with the destruction of the Greeks , because it conspired with his revenge : that resentment which is the subject of the

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 91

the Poem, still prevails over all his other passions ; even the love of his Country ; for tho' he begins now to pity his Countrymen , yet his anger stifles those tender emotions , and he seems pleas'd with their distress, because he judges it will contribute to his glory. *Eustathius.*

X L I I I .

VERSE 735. *His Friend Machaon , &c.]* It may be ask'd why *Machaon* is the only person whom *Achilles* pities. *Eustathius* answers , that it was either because he was his Countryman , a *Theffalian* ; or because *Æsculapius*, the Father of *Machaon* , presid'd over *Phyfick* , the profession of his Preceptor *Chiron*. But perhaps it may be a better reason to say that a Physician is a publik good , and was valued by the whole Army ; and it is not improbable but he might have cured *Achilles* of a wound during the course of the *Trojan Wars*.

X L I V .

VERSE 747. *Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan.]* The Poet by putting these words into the mouth of *Achilles* , leaves room for a second Embass'y , and (since *Achilles* himself mentions it) one may think it would not have been unsuccessful : But the Poet , by a more happy management, makes his Friend *Patroclus* the Advocate of the *Greeks* , and by that means his return becomes his own choice. This conduct admirably maintains the character of *Achilles* , who does not assist the *Greeks* thro' his kindness to them , but from a desire of revenge upon the *Trojans*: His present anger for the Death of his Friend , blots out the former one for the injury of *Agamemnon* ; and as he separated from the Army in a rage , so he joins it again in the like disposition. *Eustathius.*

XLV.

OBSERVATIONS on X L V.

VERSE 764. *And took their seats beneath the shady Tent.]* The Poet here steals away the Reader from the Battel, and relieves him by the description of *Nestor's* entertainment. I hope to be pardon'd for having more than once repeated this observation, which extends to several passages of *Homer*. Without this piece of conduct, the frequency and length of his Battels might fatigue the Reader, who could not so long be delighted with continued Scenes of blood.

X L V I.

VERSE 774. *A Goblet sacred to the Pylian Kings.]* There are some who can find out a mystery in the plainest things; they can see what the Author never meant, and explain him into the greatest obscurities. *Eustathius* here gives us a very extraordinary instance of this nature: The Bowl by an allegory figures the World; the spherical form of it represents its roundness; the *Greek* word which signifies the • *Doves* being spell'd almost like the *Pleiades*, is said to mean that constellation; and because the Poet tells us the Bowl was studded with Gold, those studs must needs imply the Stars.

X L V I I.

VERSE 779. *Yet heav'd with ease by him.]* There has ever been a great dispute about this passage; nor is it apparent for what reason the Poet should tell us that *Nestor* even in his old age could more easily lift this Bowl than any other Man. This has drawn a great deal of raillery upon the old Man, as if he had learnt to lift it by frequent use, an insinuation that *Nestor* was no enemy to wine. Others with more justice to his character have put another construction upon the words, which solves the

the improbability very naturally. According to this opinion the word which is usually supposed to signify *another Man*, is render'd *another old Man*, meaning *Machaon*, whose wound made him incapable to lift it. This would have taken away the difficulty without any violence to the construction. But *Eustathius* tells us, the propriety of speech would require the word to be, not *ἄλλος* but *ἴπετος*, when spoken but of two. But why then may it not signify any other old Men?

X L V I I I.

VERSE 782. *Pours a large potion.]* The potion which *Hecamede* here prepares for *Machaon*, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the case of a wounded person, and by some Criticks held in the same degree of repute with the *Balsam* of *Fierabras* in *Don Quixot*. But it is rightly observed by the Commentators, that *Machaon* was not so dangerously hurt, as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might use at another time. *Homer* had just told us that he stay'd on the Sea-fide to refresh himself, and he now enters into a long conversation with *Nestor*; neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger: His loss of blood and spirits might make him not so much in fear of a feaver, as in want of a cordial: and accordingly this Potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this case, I cannot help fancying that *Homer* would not have fail'd to tell us of *Machaon's* rejecting it. Yet after all, some answer may be made even to the grand objection, that Wine was too inflammatory for a wounded man. *Hippocrates* allows Wine in acute cases, and even without water in cases of indigestion. He says indeed in his book of ancient Medicine,

94 OBSERVATIONS on

cine; that the Ancients were ignorant both of the good and bad qualities of Wine: and yet the potion here prescrib'd will not be allow'd by Physicians to be an instance that they were so; for Wine might be proper for *Machaon* not only as a Cordial, but as an *Opiate*. *Asclepiades*, a Physician who flourish'd at *Rome* in the time of *Pompey*, prescribed Wine in Feavers, and even in Frenzies to cause sleep. *Calanus Aurelianus*, lib. 4. c. 14.

X L I X.

VERSE 801. *Can then the Sons of Greece, &c.*] It is customary with those who translate or comment on an Author, to use him as they do their Mistresses; they can see no faults, or rather convert his very faults into beauties; but I cannot be so partial to *Homer*, as to imagine that this Speech of *Nestor's* is not greatly blameable for being too long: He crowds Incident upon Incident, and when he speaks of himself, he expatiates upon his own great actions, very naturally indeed to old age, but unseasonably in the present juncture. When he comes to speak of his killing the Son of *Augeas*, he is so pleas'd with himself, that he forgets the distress of the Army, and cannot leave his favourite subject till he has given us the pedigree of his Relations, his Wife's name, her excellence, the Command he bore, and the fury with which he assaulted him. These and many other circumstances, as they have no visible allusion to the design of the Speech, seem to be unfortunately introduc'd. In short, I think they are not so valuable upon any other account, as because they preserve a piece of ancient History, which had otherwise been lost.

What tends yet farther to make this Story seem absurd, is what *Patroclus* said at the beginning of

the

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 95

the Speech, that he had not leisure even to sit down; so that *Nestor* detains him in the Tent standing, during the whole narration.

They that are of the contrary opinion observe, that there is a great deal of Art in some branches of the discourse; that when *Nestor* tells *Patroclus* how he had himself disobey'd his Father's commands for the sake of his Country, he says it to make *Achilles* reflect that he disobeys his Father by the contrary behaviour: That what he did himself was to retaliate a small injury, but *Achilles* by fighting may save the *Grecian* Army. He mentions the wound of *Agamemnon* at the very beginning, with an intent to give *Achilles* a little revenge, and that he may know how much his greatest Enemy has suffer'd by his absence. There are many other arguments brought in the defence of particular parts; and it may not be from the purpose to observe, that *Nestor* might designedly protract the Speech, that *Patroclus* might himself behold the distress of the Army: Thus every moment he detain'd him, enforced his arguments, by the growing misfortunes of the *Greeks*. Whether this was the intention or not, it must be allowed that the Stay of *Patroclus* was very happy for the *Greeks*; for by this means he met *Eurypylus* wounded, who confirm'd him into a certainty that their Affairs were desperate, without *Achilles*'s aid.

As for *Nestor*'s second Story, it is much easier to be defended; it tends directly to the matter in hand, and is told in such a manner as to affect both *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; the circumstances are well adapted to the person to whom they are spoken, and by repeating their Father's instructions, he as it were brings them in, seconding his admonitions.

L.

96 OBSERVATIONS on

L.

VERSE 819. *The Bulls of Elis in glad Triumph led.*] *Elis* is the whole western part of *Peloponnesus*, between *Achaea* and *Messenia*. It was originally divided into several districts or Principalities, afterwards it was reduc'd to two; the one of the *Elians*, who were the same with the *Epeians*, the other of *Nestor*. This remark is necessary for the understanding what follows. In *Homer's* time the City *Elis* was not built. *Dacier.*

L I.

VERSE 839. *At the publick Course Detain'd his Chariot.*] 'Tis said that these were particular Games, which *Augeas* had establish'd in his own State; and that the *Olympic* Games cannot be here understood, because *Hercules* did not institute them till he had kill'd this King, and deliver'd his Kingdom to *Phyleus*, whom his Father *Augeas* had banish'd. The Prizes of these games of *Augeas* were Prizes of wealth, as golden Tripods, &c. whereas the prizes of the *Olympic* games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches. Besides, 'tis probable *Homer* knew nothing of these chaplets given at the Games, nor of the triumphal Crowns, nor of the Garlands wore at Feasts; if he had, he would some where or other have mentioned them. *Eustathius.*

L II.

VERSE 845. *The Sons of Actor.*] These are the same whom *Homer* calls the two *Molions*, namely, *Eurytus* and *Cteatus*. *Thryoëssa* in the lines following is the same town which he calls *Thryon* in the Catalogue. The River *Minyas* is the same with *Anygrus*, about half way between *Pylos* and *Thryoëssa*, call'd *Minyas* from the *Minyans* who liv'd on the banks of it. It appears from what the Poet says of

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 97

the time of their march, that it is half a day's march between Pylos and Thryoëssa. *Eustathius. Strabo. lib. 8.*

L III.

VERSE 895.

*There to high Jove were publick thanks assign'd
As first of Gods, to Nestor, of Mankind.]*

There is a resemblance between this passage and one in the sacred Scripture, where all the Congregation blessed the Lord God of their Fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshipped the Lord, and the King. *Chron. 29. 20.*

L V.

VERSE 916. Peleus said only this,----“*My Son be brave.]* The conciseness of this advice is very beautiful; Achilles being hasty, active, and young, might not have burthen'd his memory with a long discourse: Therefore Peleus comprehends all his instructions in one sentence. But Menætius speaks more largely to Patroclus, he being more advanc'd in years, and mature in judgment; and we see by the manner of the expression, that he was sent with Achilles, not only as a Companion but as a Monitor, of which Nestor puts him in mind, to shew that it is rather his duty to give good advice to Achilles, than to follow his caprice, and espouse his resentment. *Eustathius.*

L V.

VERSE 923. *Ah try the utmost, &c.]* It may not be ungrateful to the Reader to see at one view the aim and design of Nestor's Speech. By putting Patroclus in mind of his Father's injunctions, he provokes him to obey him by a like zeal for his Country: By the mention of the sacrifice, he reprimands him for a breach of those engagements to which the Gods were witnesses: By saying that the very

98 OBSERVATIONS on

Arms of *Achilles* would restore the fortunes of *Greece*, he makes a high complement to that Hero, and often a powerful insinuation to *Patroclus* at the same time, by giving him to understand, that he may personate *Achilles*. *Eustathius*.

L V I.

VERSE 928. *If ought from Heav'n with-hold his saving arm.] Nestor* says this upon account of what *Achilles* himself spoke in the ninth book; and it is very much to the purpose, for nothing could sooner move *Achilles* than to make him think it was the general report in the Army, that he shut himself up in his Tent for no other reason, but to escape death, with which his Mother had threaten'd him in discovering to him the decrees of the Destinies *Dacier*.

L V I I.

VERSE 969. *Of two fam'd Surgeons.] Tho' Podalirius* is mention'd first for the sake of the verse, both here and in the Catalogue, *Machaon* seems to be the person of the greatest Character upon many accounts: Besides, it is to him that *Homer* attributes the cure of *Philotetes*, who was lame by having let an arrow dipt in the gall of the *Hydra* of *Lerna* fall upon his foot; a plain mark that *Machaon* was an abler Physician than *Chiron* the Centaure, who could not cure himself of such a wound. *Podalirius* had a Son named *Hypolochus*, from whom the famous *Hippocrates* was descended.

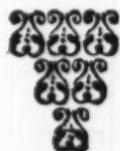
L V I I I.

VERSE 977. *But thy distress this instant claims relief.] Eustathius* remarks, that *Homer* draws a great advantage for the conduct of his Poem from this incident of the stay of *Patroclus*; for while he is employ'd in the friendly task of ta-

king

the ELEVENTH BOOK. 99

king care of *Eurypylus*, he becomes an eye-witness of the Attack upon the Entrenchments, and finds the necessity of using his utmost efforts to move *Achilles*.





OBSERVATIONS ON THE TWELFTH BOOK.

I.



T may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the Iliad. The whole design turns upon the Wrath of *Achilles*: that Wrath is not to be appeas'd but by the calamities of the *Greeks*, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this Hero: For in Epic, as in Tragic Poetry, there ought to be some evident and necessary Incident at the winding up of the Catastrophe, and that should be founded upon some visible distress. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leisure to the Wrath of *Achilles* to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where describ'd as a person of a stubborn resentment, and consequently ought not to be easily reconcil'd) but also as it highly contributes to the Honour of *Achilles*, which was to be fully satisfy'd, before he could relent.

I I.

VERSE 9. Without the Gods how short a Period,
HEBDO &c.

the TWELFTH BOOK. 101

&c.] Homer here teaches a truth conformable to sacred Scripture, and almost in the very words of the Psalmist; *Unless the Lord build the House, they labour in vain that build it.*

I I I.

VERSE 15. Then Neptune and Apollo, &c.] This whole Episode of the destruction of the Wall is spoken as a kind of Prophecy, where Homer in a poetical enthusiasm relates what was to happen in future Ages. It has been conjectur'd from hence that our Author flourish'd not long after the *Trojan War*; for had he lived at a greater distance, there had been no occasion to have recourse to such extraordinary means to destroy a Wall, which would have been lost and worn away by time alone. Homer (says Aristotle) foresaw the question might be ask'd, how it came to pass that no ruins remain'd of so great a work? and therefore contrived to give his fiction the nearest resemblance to truth. Inundations and Earthquakes are sufficient to abolish the strongest works of Man, so as not to leave the least remains where they stood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical: We see *Apollo* turning the course of the Rivers against the Wall, *Jupiter* opening the cataracts of Heaven, and *Neptune* rending the foundations with his Trident: That is, the Sun exhales the vapours, which descend in rain from the air or *Æther*, this rain causes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the Wall. Thus the Poetry of Homer, like Magick, first raises a stupendous object, and then immediately causes it to vanish.

What farther strengthens the opinion, that Homer was particularly careful to avoid the objection which those of his own Age might raise against the probability,

bility of this fiction, is, that the verses which contain this account of the destruction of the Wall seem to be added and interpolated after the first writing of the Iliad, by *Homer* himself. I believe the Reader will incline to my opinion, if he considers the manner in which they are introduced, both here, and in the seventh Book, where first this Wall is mention'd. There, describing how it was made, he ends with this line,

"Ως οι μὲν πονεότε καρποφόροις Αχαιοί.

After which is inserted the debate of the Gods concerning the method of its destruction, at the conclusion whereof immediately follows a verse that seems exactly to connect with the former,

Δύστελο δ' ηλιόν, πλέοντες δὲ τρύγον Αχαιῶν.

In like manner in the present book, after the fourth verse,

Τάφες δέ εἰν σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὑπέβη.

That which is now the thirty sixth, seems originally to have follow'd.

Τεῖχος διδύμων, καρύκις δὲ διέγελα τύρυν, &c.
And all the lines between (which break the course of the narration, and are introduced in a manner not usual in *Homer*) seem to have been added for the reason above-said. I do not insist much upon this observation, but I doubt not several will agree to it upon a review of the passages.

I V.

VERSE 24. Nine continual days.] Some of the Ancients thought it incredible that a Wall which was built in one day by the *Greeks*, should resist the joint efforts of three Deities nine days. To solve this difficulty, *Crates the Mallesian* was of opinion, that it should be writ, *in ἡμέρῃ, one day*. But there is no occasion to have recourse to so forc'd a solution;

the TWELFTH BOOK. 103

ution; it being sufficient to observe, that nothing but such an extraordinary power could have so entirely ruin'd the Wall, that not the least remains of it should appear; but such a one (as we have before said) *Homer* stood in need of. *Eustathius.*

V.

VERSE 99. *The Forces part in five distinguish'd Bands.]* The *Trojan Army* is divided into five parts, perhaps because there were five Gates in the Wall, so that an attack might be made upon every Gate at the same instant: By this means the *Greeks* would be obliged to disunite, and form themselves into as many Bodies, to guard five places at the same time.

The Poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and stops to give us the names of the Leaders of every Battalion: By this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the Poem. *Eustathius.*

V I.

VERSE 125. *Asius alone confiding in his Car.].* It appears from hence that the three Captains who commanded each Battalion, were not subordinate one to the other, but commanded separately, each being empower'd to order his own Troop as he thought fit: For otherwise *Asius* had not been permitted to keep his Chariot when the rest were on foot. One may observe from hence, that *Homer* does not attribute the same regular Discipline in war to the barbarous Nations, which he had given to his *Greeks*; and he makes some use too of this defect, to cast the more variety over this part of the description. *Dacier.*

V I I.

VERSE 127. *Unhappy Hero! &c.] Homer observes*

a poetical Justice in relation to *Afius*; he punishes his folly and impiety with death, and shews the danger of despising wise counsel, and blaspheming the Gods. In pursuance of this Prophecy, *Afius* is killed in the thirteenth book by *Idomeneus*.

VIII.

VERSE 143. *This Polypœtes — And that Leontes, &c.]* These Heroes are the originals of *Pandarus* and *Bitias* in *Virgil*. We see two gallant Officers exhorting their Soldiers to act bravely; but being deserted by them, they execute their own commands, and maintain the pass against the united force of the Battalions of *Afius*: Nor does the Poet transgress the bounds of probability in the Story: 'The Greeks from above beat off some of the Trojans with stones, and the gate-way being narrow, it was easy to be defended. *Eustathius*.

IX.

VERSE 185. *The Speech of Afius.]* This Speech of *Afius* is very extravagant: He exclaims against *Jupiter* for a breach of promise, not because he had broken his word, but because he had not fulfill'd his own vain Imaginations. This conduct tho' very blameable in *Afius*, is very natural to persons under a disappointment, who are ever ready to blame Heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime. *Eustathius*.

X.

VERSE 233. *Jove's Bird on sounding pinions, &c.]* *Virgil* has imitated this passage in the eleventh *Æneid*, l. 751.

*Utque volans altè raptum cum fulvi draconem
Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus hastis;
Saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
Arrexitque horret squamis, & sibilat ore*

Ardinus

the TWELFTH BOOK. 105

*Arduus insurgens ; illa haud minus urget obunco
Luctantem rostro ; simul athera verberat alis.*

Which *Macrobius* compares with this of *Homer*, and gives the preference to the Original, on account of *Virgil's* having neglected to specify the *Omen*. *His pratermissis*, (*quod sinistra veniens vincentium prohibebat accessum, & accepto à serpente morsu pradam dolore dejecit ; fattoque Tripudio solistimo, cum clamore dolorem testante, prætervolat*) *qua animam Parabola dabant, velut exanime in latinis versibus corpus remansit.* *Sat. l. 5. c. 14.* But methinks this criticism might have been spared, had he consider'd that *Virgil* had no design, or occasion, to make an *Omen* of it ; but took it only as a natural image, to paint the posture of two Warriors strugling with each other.

X I.

VERSE 245. *The Speech of Polydamas.]* The Address of *Polydamas* to *Hector* in this Speech is admirable : He knew that the daring spirit of that Hero would not suffer him to listen to any mention of a retreat : He had already storm'd the Walls in imagination, and consequently the advice of *Polydamas* was sure to meet with a bad reception. He therefore softens every expression, and endeavours to flatter *Hector* into an assent ; and tho' he is assured he gives a true interpretation of the Prodigy, he seems to be diffident ; but that his personated distrust may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not conjecture, but Science, and appeals for the truth of it to the Augurs of the Army. *Eustathius.*

X I I.

VERSE 267. *The Speech of Hector.]* This Speech of *Hector's* is full of spirit : His valour is greater

G 5 than

106 OBSERVATIONS on

than the skill of *Polydamas*, and he is not to be argu'd into a retreat. There is something very heroic in that Line,

— His sword the brave Man draws,
And asks no Omen but his Country's cause.

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being so well adapted to the Character of him who speaks it, who is every where describ'd as a great lover of his Country.

It may seem at the first view that *Hector* uses *Polydamas* with too much severity in the conclusion of his speech: But he will be sufficiently justify'd, if we consider that the Interpretation of the Omen given by *Polydamas* might have discourag'd the Army; and this makes it necessary for him to decry the Prediction, and insinuate that the advice proceeded not from his skill but his cowardice. *Eustathius.*

X I I I.

VERSE 281. *To right, to left, unheeded take your way.*] *Eustathius* has found out four meanings in these two lines, and tells us that the words may signify East, West, North, and South. This is writ in the true spirit of a Critick, who can find out a mystery in the plainest words, and is ever learnedly obscure: For my part, I cannot imagine how any thing can be more clearly express'd; I care not, says *Hector*, whether the Eagle flew on the right, towards the Sun-rising, which was propitious, or on the left towards his setting, which was unlucky.

X I V.

VERSE 299. *Jove rais'd a Whirlwind.*] It is worth our notice to observe how the least circumstance grows in the hand of a great Poet. In this Battel it is to be supposed that the *Trojans* had got the advantage of the wind of the *Grecians*, so that a cloud

the TWELFTH BOOK. 107

cloud of dust was blown upon their Army: This gave room for this fiction of Homer, which supposes that *Jove*, or the Air, rais'd the dust, and drove it in the face of the Grecians. *Eustathius.*

X V.

VERSE 348. *Till great Sarpedon, &c.]* The Poet here ushers in *Sarpedon* with abundance of Pomp: He forces him upon the observation of the Reader by the greatness of the description, and raises our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the sequel of the Poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of *Patroclus*. *Eustathius.*

X V I.

VERSE 357. *So press'd with Hunger, from the mountain's brow, Descends a Lion.]* This Comparison very much resembles that of the Prophet *Isaiah*, Ch. 31. v. 4. where God himself is compared to a Lion: *Like as the Lion, and the young Lion roaring on his Prey, when a multitude of Shepherds is call'd forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them: So shall the Lord of Hosts come down that he may fight upon Mount Sion.* *Dacier.*

X V I I.

VERSE 371. *The Speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus.]* In former times Kings were look'd upon as the Generals of Armies, who to return the honours that were done them, were oblig'd to expose themselves first in the Battel, and be an example to their Soldiers. Upon this *Sarpedon* grounds his discourse, which is full of generosity and nobleness. We are, says he, honour'd like Gods; and what can be more unjust, than not to behave our selves like Men? He ought to be superior in Virtue, who is superior in Dignity:

108 OBSERVATIONS on

Dignity. What strength is there, and what greatness in that thought? it includes Justice, Gratitude, and Magnanimity; Justice, in that he scorn to enjoy what he does not merit; Gratitude, because he would endeavour to recompense his obligations to his Subjects; and Magnanimity, in that he despises death, and thinks of nothing but Glory.

Eustathius. Dacier.

XVIII.

VERSE 337. *Could all our care, &c.]* There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make Men contemn dangers, and seek Glory by brave actions. Immortality with eternal youth, is certainly preferable to Glory purchas'd with the loss of life; but Glory is certainly better than an ignominious life; which at last, tho' perhaps late, must end. It is ordain'd that all men shall die; nor can our escaping from danger secure us Immortality; it can only give us a longer continuance in disgrace, and even that continuance will be but short, tho' the infamy everlasting. This is incontestable, and whoever weighs his actions in these scales, can never hesitate in his choice: But what is most worthy of remark is, that *Homer* does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary person, but ascribes it to the Son of Jupiter.

Eustathius. Dacier.

XIX.

VERSE 444. *Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.]* It is remarkable that *Teucer* who is excellent for his skill in Archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it born after him by *Pandion*: I thought it not improper to take notice of this by reason of its unusualness. It may be suppos'd that *Teucer* had chang'd his Arms in this Fight, and comply'd with the exigence of the Battel which was about the

Wall:

Wall: He might judge that some other weapon
might be more necessary upon this occasion, and
therefore committed his bow to the care of *Pan-*
dion. *Eustathius*.

X X.

VERSE 454. *A rocky fragment, &c.*] In this book
both *Ajax* and *Hector* are describ'd throwing stones
of a prodigious size. But the Poet who loves to
give the preference to his Countrymen, relates the
action much to the advantage of *Ajax*: *Ajax* by
his natural strength performs what *Hector* could not
do without the assistance of *Jupiter*. *Eustathius*,

X X I.

VERSE 455. *Not the strongest Swain.*] The differ-
ence which our Author makes between the Heroes
of his Poem, and the Men of his Age, is so great,
that some have made use of it as an argument that
Homer liv'd many Ages after the War of *Troy*: But
this argument does not seem to be of any weight;
for supposing *Homer* to have writ two hundred and
fifty or two hundred and sixty years after the De-
struction of *Troy*, this space is long enough to make
such a change as he speaks of: Peace, Luxury, or
Effeminacy would do it in a much less time. *Da-*
cier.

X X I I.

VERSE 483. *Swift to the battlement the Victor flies*] From what *Sarpedon* here performs, we may gather
that this Wall of the *Greeks* was not higher than a
tall Man: From the great depth and breadth of it,
as it is described just before, one might have con-
cluded that it had been much higher: But it appears
to be otherwise from this passage; and consequently
the thickness of the Wall was answerable to the
wideness of the Ditch. *Eustathius*.

XXXIII.

VERSE 511. *As on the confines of adjoining grounds.]* This Simile, says *Eustathius*, is wonderfully proper; it has one circumstance that is seldom to be found in *Homer's Allusions*; it corresponds in every point with the subject it was intended to illustrate: The Measures of the two Neighbours represent the Spears of the Combatants: The Confines of the Fields, shews that they engag'd hand to hand; and the Wall which divides the Armies, gives us a lively Idea of the large stones that were fix'd to determine the bounds of adjoining fields.

XXXIV.

VERSE 521. *As when two Scales, &c.]* This Comparison is excellent on account of its justness; for there is nothing better represents an exact equality than a Balance: But *Homer* was particularly exact, in having neither describ'd a Woman of Wealth and Condition, for such a one is never very exact, not valuing a small inequality; nor a Slave, for such a one is ever regardless of a Master's interest: But he speaks of a poor Woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the same time just and honest; for she will neither defraud others, nor be defrauded her self. She therefore takes care that the Scales be exactly of the same weight.

It was an ancient Tradition, (and is countenanced by the Author of *Homer's Life* ascribed to *Herodotus*) that the Poet drew this Comparison from his own Family; being himself the Son of a Woman who maintain'd her self by her own industry: He therefore to extol her honesty, (a qualification very rare in poverty) gives her a place in his Poem. *Eustathius.*

2 AP 57
2 AN 25